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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS.

*The Monarchical and Constitutional History of the French Revolution*.—[*Histoire Monarchique et Constitutionnelle de la Révolution Française, &c.*] By Eugène Labaume. Paris: Anselin; Treuttel & Würtz. Vols. I. & II.

*History of Europe during the French Revolution*. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E. Vols. III. & IV. Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, T. Cadell.

WHEN the Roman critic asserted that "history, no matter how it may be written, is sure to please," he did not anticipate what the literature of modern times would produce in that department. This is no epigram; nor do we agree in opinion with Colonel Labaume, that "Frenchmen neglect the history of their own times, because the system generally adopted by modern authors differs essentially from that which distinguishes the ancients;" and that "the Greeks and Romans, our masters in so many other particulars, still preserve that superiority in historical composition, which we have disputed with them in many other branches of literature." It is, on the contrary, precisely on account of the excellent method of some modern historians, that we are difficult to please, by works of a less logical and penetrating cast.

History, among the ancients, was a pure affair of rhetoric. The classic historians please rather by the beauties of their style and the facility of their narrative, than by their power of satisfying a rational curiosity, or appeasing philosophical doubt. The application of criticism to the valuation of historic fact, is a modern invention; and so, too, is the investigation of general principles, and the search after the great springs of national movements;—points in which the historians of our own and the last age are vastly superior to all their predecessors. Voltaire, and the followers of his school, neglecting a critical accuracy as to specialities, and applying themselves to the demonstration of philosophical truths, created a new branch of historic literature. The histories of this class are, to mere annals, all that Montesquieu's work is to particular codes; and though the deductions of such writers should not be uniformly accurate, they still set mankind to think, and lead them to bring an enlightened reason to bear on politics, law-making, and social organization.

The German school of historians, on the other hand, by turning their aptitude for labour, their patient sagacity, to the critical investigation of particular facts, and applying the tests of political economy, statistics, the doctrine of probabilities, travelled and antiquarian research, to illustrate the obscure, and to clear up the doubtful, have raised their art to an excellence, of which the Greeks and Romans had no conception.

But, perhaps, the greatest improvement in modern history, is the juster appreciation of

its end and object; which is, not merely to record the follies and crimes of governments, or to preserve the memory of ambitious warriors, but to present a correct and fructifying portrait of the successive phases which nations have assumed, in their several struggles from barbarism towards civilization. Before the diffusion of knowledge, which has rendered the people powerful and inquiring, such a view of history was neither wanted nor attainable. It is the spectacle of the living moving mass in influential activity, that has begotten a desire to discover how men were affected, as agents and as patients, under the events of past ages. Before this epoch, so completely did the people disappear from the imaginations of historians, that it is scarcely too much to assert, that more of the habits and manners of the Roman people may be gleaned from the satires of Juvenal, and the romance of Petronius Arbiter, than from all that Livy and Tacitus have recorded concerning them. In this particular, the modern French historians are in advance of their age. Their researches into the records of their own noble collections, for illustrative anecdote, relative to the interior condition of society at the periods which they undertake to describe, have not only given a greater certainty to their narration, but a deeper interest in the times and people.

This leads us back to observe, that in addition to our dissatisfaction at M. Labaume's reasoning, we altogether disagree with him on the fact. The French of our age are so far from careless of history, that they have written more and better on their own affairs, than either the English, the Italians, or the Germans of the nineteenth century. From the systematic history, grave, critical, and philosophical, to the light "*mémoires pour servir*," and to the journals and biographies of individuals, the French press has teemed with every form of historic composition, both on the royal dynasties in general, and on the revolution in particular; concerning which, whatever else may be wanting, there is no deficiency of zeal to record, or of industry to canvas. In the great war of opinion now raging between the partisans of ancient establishment and modern reform, the appeal to history is a favourite weapon; and so influential is this circumstance, in giving its direction to the French literature of the day, that it has engendered an abuse wholly incompatible with the indifference of which the author before us complains. Of this abuse, the volumes under consideration are themselves an instance; and it consists in the publication of historical works, for the express purpose of justifying particular political creeds—a system which leads to the straining and colouring of facts, in order to make them quadrate with the preconceptions of the author. Who would lose his time in striving to effect a political purpose by so laborious a means, if he were not conscious that there was a public, greedy after historic information, ready to read him,

and (as he hopes) to become the convertites of his mission?

If history were merely the matter of an entertaining story book, the classic mode of taking facts, without selection or thought of probability, the working them up dramatically by rhetorical colouring, and the fabricating long-winded speeches to place in the mouths of the protagonists, would indeed be "wisest, discreetest, best." But if the end of writing be to enlarge the mind, and to "teach by example," the error of judgment in Col. Labaume's comparative estimate, is grave and pregnant: for the faults which he has imputed to the moderns of "a spirit of analysis, and of a division of the subject into the separate heads of legislation, statistics, strategics, and finance," (though these may be sometimes carried to a pedantic and wearisome excess,) are, in reality, merits essential to the perfection of historic narrative.

We have dwelt at a rather disproportionate length on the opening sentences of our author's preface; but, in so doing, we have been criticizing the work itself, as far as it is known to us in its two preparatory volumes. If we have shown that the author has taken a false view of the end of history, which has led him into a mistake concerning its means, we have gone far towards convicting him of inaptitude for the task he has undertaken. To this effect, perhaps, we need not have gone beyond the title. What, indeed, is "the monarchical and constitutional history of the revolution"? As mere matter of fact, the monarchy closed with the first act of that political drama: and as to constitutions, the revolution produced so many, in transient succession, that none were in reality tried. If the phrase, then, have any intelligible application, it must be sought in a reference to opinion, and not to fact. It must be taken as describing a history, written to recommend constitutional monarchy, as the only system adapted to the wants and habits of the French people. This, as a political problem, may, or may not, be true; though it is difficult to conceive how a nation, with whom civic equality is a passion—nay, a fanaticism—can be made to tolerate a government, of which (as Col. Labaume evidently understands it) a privileged aristocracy is an essential element: and we more than doubt whether any argument in its favour will weigh with "*la jeunesse de France*" against the practical commentaries of Louis Philippe, in the contrary behalf made and provided. But, however just the opinion in its bearings on politics, to assume it for the basis of historic composition, is a serious error; and it forces the reader to look with unwonted suspicion and jealousy to the conclusions drawn under its inspiration.

The first volume of Col. Labaume's work contains a rapid and clear abridgment of the history of the three royal dynasties; which, if it were not too evidently composed to recommend a particular political faith, and

as a sort of preliminary pleading to the main advocacy, might have merited the praise of being well done. But, from the starting post, the author is involved in the one-sided view he has taken of his subject; and the philosophy of his compendium of French history is narrow, partial, and false. Indeed, when we read that he describes the aristocracy of Venice, (the closest and most tyrannical monopoly of power that ever brought a great and powerful state to ruin,) as "beneficent and enlightened," and that he considers the Venetian government the best and most liberal system of popular representation, we are tempted to doubt his capability for discussing any political question whatever, or of taking a just and comprehensive view of any historical period.

The philosophy of French history lies on the surface. From beginning to end it presents a struggle for power, between the crown, the military aristocracy, and the clergy; a struggle in which each of the combatants strove to make use of the people as an instrument, but in which popular interests were regarded as secondary, when they were not wholly overlooked or despised. According to M. Labaume, the French monarchy was from its origin constitutional and limited. The primitive feudal institutions, established by the leaders of the Frankish army encamped among the half-conquered and hostile Gaulish inhabitants, were (he says) favourable to liberty; and he roundly asserts that, maugre the vices of the three privileged bodies in latter times, the nation, during fourteen centuries, never lost sight of its ancient franchises, nor was practically enslaved. What, however, is the truth?—that the foundation of the monarchy was laid in barbarism and anarchy; that the military population completely enslaved the agricultural; that if the kings and the clergy, in their hostility to the powerful barons, laid some scanty and inefficient foundations of a civil polity, a different spirit prevailed from the time of Louis XI., when monarchy took the lead; and in the reign of Louis XIV. all things were centred in the royal person, every vestige of freedom was obliterated, and the body of the people was reduced to be tithed and taxed, "*à merci et miséricorde*."

The growth of the *tiers état* in France, was a pure result of physical causes,—of that wealth, which the fertility of the soil afforded to the energy of its cultivators, notwithstanding every opposing influence. There was no pervading principle of liberality, moral or political, in the French monarchy. Its acts were, throughout, a succession of expediences; and the most that can be asserted of it was, that it was the creature of circumstances; and being occasionally in harmony with them, it might incidentally effect some partial good. It was thus, that Louis XI., a tyrant and a monster, laid the foundation of future prosperity, by crushing the great feudatories, and giving unity to the kingdom; and thus, the aristocracy of the League and the Fronde, corrupt, selfish, and factious, called forth the dormant energies of the people, and taught them to think for themselves, in religion and politics, and to desire liberty.

The second volume of the 'Monarchical and Constitutional History,' is occupied with a picture of the reign of Louis XVI.,

and is composed for the purpose of proving that Louis XVI. was a good man, and that if he had had fair play, the revolution would have been completed at once. Nobody, in these days, doubts the personal virtues of this most unfortunate of kings; no one questions the benevolence of his intentions, or denies the immorality and cruelty of his condemnation and death. But does not M. Labaume know that the object of all popular government is to deliver mankind from dependence on individuals? or does he believe that this object could be attained, by any charter, *octroyée* by the will of the master, however liberal he might be? Besides, this cuckoo note of abusing the French revolution (and, by implication, all revolutions,) for the fatalities which accompanied it, is essentially unjust. With all the king's virtues, his feebleness of character was among the most immediate causes of the great experiment. Neither is the revolution answerable for the intrigues of his courtiers, the vices of the aristocracy, and the brutal ignorance of a long-enslaved people. These (the king's vacillation and consequent false-ness even included) were the necessary consequences of the foregone absolutism; and to rail against them—however they may be lamented—amounts only to the tipsy complaint of Professor Porson, who, on tripping on a stone, vented his spleen by an oath against "the nature of things." The people of France, in the year 1789, were precisely what centuries of despotism had made them; and to argue from their condition, to that of the Frenchmen of the three days, is a palpable *non sequitur*. But to build an hypothesis upon what might have been the result of their having acted otherwise than they did, and being consequently other than what they were, is about as rational a speculation, as if we should inquire what the world would have been, had there been no such force as gravitation.

Although M. Labaume has undertaken a monarchical history of France, his matter is too powerful for him, and he is unable to disguise, even from himself, the necessity or the inevitability of the revolution. In defending Louis as a man, and in doing justice to his virtues as a monarch, he cannot avoid showing the utter incapacity of the king to cope with the circumstances of the times; and proving that he laboured as effectually in hurrying forward the catastrophe, as the most determined anarchist.

If respect for the laws, (he says,) and the desire of rendering France prosperous, would have sufficed for the restoration of the monarchy, Louis might have flattered himself with the hope of working such a miracle. He heard the maxims of liberty proclaimed around him without alarm; and, familiarized with the principles of modern publicists and philosophers, he adopted them with candour. . . . Never could his heart comprehend the speculations of those statesmen, who make a traffic of the destinies of a nation, or those murderous calculations, by which a sovereign determines the number of human beings to be slaughtered for the glory and aggrandizement of his empire. But it resulted from his education, that he could not hold the first place in any administration; and that his passive character condemned him to play the part of an instrument. Surrounded by corruption and by errors of all kinds, he had not the courage to repress them; and to this cause must be referred the doubts, anxieties, and indecisions of the

monarch, whose actions were in perpetual contradiction with his opinions. . . . Probity, rectitude, the love of virtue, of justice, of order, and economy, formed the basis of his character; but an excessive distrust of himself led him to act by the advice of others, who (he thought,) must be as honest and enlightened as himself. Thus enchained by inertness, alone, isolated in the bosom of his family and his court, he yielded to every will, and obeyed every external impulse. After having declared himself and Turgot to be the only two who loved the people, he dismissed him. Sacrificing his own affections to the public good, he seemed formed expressly to become the founder of a limited monarchy; but his weakness destroyed all the point of his generous intentions. . . . Endowed with virtues rather civil than regal, he had not a vice. But all these his good qualities, carried to an excess, were only so many faults. His goodness became feebleness; his confidence, a blind submission; his simplicity, indolence; his modesty, distrust of himself; his equity, harshness; his constancy, obstinacy; and his courage, placed on resignation, although the property of virtuous hearts alone, was governed by the narrowest views and the most unfounded religious prejudices, which most commonly rendered him the instrument of Jesuitical doctrines.

With such an opinion of the king, and with a knowledge of what the aristocracy and clergy thought of the revolution, we cannot understand the gravity with which the *tiers état* are accused of an "ignorant impatience," or their leaders of fanaticism or faction, because they distrusted the monarch, and sought firmer guarantees for freedom, by abating the royal prerogative. Their hostility to the veto might be unwise, but it was not without motive. They judged by the scanty lights they possessed: we judge after a long experience of the resources of a constitutional government, and an after-experience of the consequences of the then popular opinion.

Of the Queen, another great agent in hastening on extreme changes, the author observes as follows:—

Although endowed with a prompt and facile intellect, her education had been much neglected: and though flattery had ascribed to her a knowledge of Latin, the practice of the fine arts, and the power of writing in several languages, it is now thoroughly proved that she knew nothing but French, Italian, and music: that on all other things she was without instruction; and that, beyond a few romances, she never opened a book. Whenever conversation took a serious turn, ennuigained possession of her countenance, and froze the discourse. Her talk, unconnected and broken, ran from subject to subject, and paused not even to skim the surface of the most material interests. Grave affairs were above her force; and those who most desired that she should play a brilliant part, agreed that she was without character, and that politics always inspired her with alarm. Throughout the whole time that she remained Dauphiness, she was occupied exclusively with frivolities; and, being without influence or credit, she made herself remarkable only for a caution amounting to timidity; inasmuch, that she frequently endured, without complaint, the affront of seeing herself completely clouded (*effacée*) by Madame Dubarry.

Of the two Princes, who have since reigned in France, our author's portraiture is not more flattering; but placed, as he is, in the position of one upholding the system of Louis Philippe, his character of the Duke of Orleans, the too celebrated Egalité, is a matter

of more curiosity, and as such, we prefer it for education.

The education of the Duke having been neglected, he had little required information; but he had natural intelligence, and great address in bodily exercises. Scarcely escaped from his governor, he surrounded himself with a troop of young noblemen, distinguished by the cynicism of their vices, and by their excessive devotion to pleasure and expense. His facility of character left him open to the seduction of dangerous counsellors; and, being guided by men more artful and ambitious than himself, he became an object of speculation to a crowd of intriguers. . . . Satiated with the goods of life, he was unable, notwithstanding his aptitude for all things, to apply himself to any; and though active and courageous, the world called his courage in question, because, the greater was the desire he expressed to distinguish himself, the more unrelentingly he was condemned to repose. Posterity will doubtless ask, how the Duke of Orleans, more opulent than many sovereigns, and enjoying almost the honours of a throne, without being subject to its risks and responsibility, should have placed himself at the head of an opposition tending to the overthrow of monarchical institutions? This conduct is explained by the resentment which injured self-love usually inspires. His disposition, though good, was highly irritable; and his susceptibility extreme, when he thought himself injured. When the Arch-Duke Maximilian was at Versailles, he did not visit the princes of the blood, and the Duke of Orleans (then Duc de Chartres,) was piqued at this breach of etiquette, which he considered as a personal insult contrived by the queen. In the meantime, several places belonging to his house, were given to the king's brothers. Far from complaining, he affected to be little sensible to these slights: but when he saw that calumny unrelentingly pursued him, instead of striving to redeem himself in public opinion, by a more regular conduct, he took the fatal determination of braving it.

In a subsequent passage, M. Labaume relates more particulars of a sort of petty persecution, in which the princes, the queen, and the Duke's own father-in-law, the Duc de Penthièvre, are asserted to have taken part against him; and, from the whole, he deduces that Egalité was impelled by vengeance to assist in overthrowing the throne. From the gentleness with which this personage is treated, it is clear that the author is favourably disposed to his memory; but he has failed, we think, altogether in making out a case.

With such views of the royal family, and after the generally fair statement the author has made of the events immediately leading to the revolution, it is hard to conceive, with him, the possibility of any contingency stopping its march, or altering its result. We, therefore, are of opinion that if Colonel Labaume, in treating of his immediate subject in the succeeding volumes, does not take a higher flight, and judge of events by a more exalted philosophy than has hitherto guided him, his work will have little chance of superseding those of Mignet, Thiers, or even Lacretelle; nor will it find a place in public opinion above the hundred and one histories of the revolution with which our libraries are already enriched, burthened, or threatened.

In the foregoing remarks, we have been guided rather by our opinion of the state of the English mind upon this portion of French history, than by the desire of exposing a weak point in the book itself, which French-

men will but too certainly discover. On the whole, it is conceived neither in an intolerant nor a dishonest spirit; and though its author has done less than justice to Necker, and evinced no great enthusiasm for the character of Lafayette, and of the other advocates of popular rights, he seems desirous that a popular government should close the revolution. There is, indeed, some discrepancy between his general theory, and the admiration he appears, from a passage in the preface to the second volume, to entertain for some of the St-Simonian doctrines. This induces us to think that his political creed is neither very fixed nor very constant. We shall await, however, the appearance of the subsequent volumes, before we venture upon a definitive judgment either on the 'Monarchical History' or its author.

Of Mr. Alison's 'History of Europe,' a notice was given on the appearance of its two first volumes, [*Athenæum*, No. 292,] which precludes the necessity of any very extended remark on the present occasion. The position of Englishmen, excluded for so many years from access to the continent, immersed in absolute ignorance of the changes then taking place in the European mind, and artificially nurtured in prejudices of the narrowest and most anti-social tendency, has operated rather severely against their aptitude for an impartial judgment of European affairs; and the major part of their attempts in this department of literature, has been marked by a too close reliance upon domestic authorities, and a too evident measurement of men and events by their own local and conventional standards. More writers than Mr. Alison have found it their "duty to keep chiefly in view the terrible evils of democratic oppression," and to lean lightly on aristocratic and regal delinquency, even when they have not altogether overlooked or misrepresented it. If the French committed excess on one side, such writers have sought to re-establish the balance of opinion by mis-statement on the other; like the Latin versifier, who having made a short syllable long in his hexameter, balanced the distich, by abbreviating a long one in the following pentameter. This is the besetting sin of Mr. Alison, who, like Col. Labaume, will lay the failure of the revolution at the door of the people.

"On the 23rd of June 1789, (he states,) before one drop of blood had been shed, or one estate confiscated, Louis offered the states-general a constitution, containing all the elements of real freedom, with all the guarantees which experience has proved to be necessary for its duration, the security of property, the liberty of the press, personal freedom, equality of taxation, provincial assemblies, the voting of taxes by the states-general, and the vesting of the legislative power in the representatives of the three estates in their separate chambers. † The popular representatives, seduced by the phan-

† In our notice of the former volumes we gave, from official correspondence, the opinion of the British ambassador himself on this very point, and shall now add that of M. Necker. "Every hope of restoration," says he, "would be lost, if it must depend upon the harmonizing the ideas and volitions of three rival corps, deliberating separately. To put an end to unjust pecuniary privileges, and place the commons in equilibrium with the two privileged orders, a double representation also is necessary, otherwise the nobles and clergy would be two to one. Guided by common interests, they would adopt no laws but those that weighed the least heavily on themselves, and would impose on the tiers état whatever was most injurious to the interests of the commons."—*Mémoires*, vol. 1.

tom of democratic ambition, refused the offer, usurped for themselves the whole power of sovereignty, and, with relentless vigour, pursued their victory till they had destroyed the nobles, the clergy, and the throne. France waded through an ocean of blood; calamities unheard of assailed every class from the throne to the cottage; for ten long years the struggle continued, and at length it terminated [terminated?] in the establishment, by universal consent, of a government, which swept away every remnant of freedom, and consigned the state to the tranquillity of military despotism."

And this is the stuff with which the English ear is still to be drugged, and which the English are still expected to swallow!! Were the inferences as true, as they are obviously false, the question is still behind—who was the Mistress Harcastle that reared and educated the Tony Lumpkin of a people, capable of all this folly and vice? The maddened and infuriated populace, the septembriseurs, the political enthusiasts and unreflecting theorists, the demoralized, de-religioned invaders of privilege and property, were (we repeat it), one and all, the legitimate offspring of centuries of despotism,—of the uninterrupted rule of voluptuary monarchs, corrupt ministers, and degraded aristocrats, who had conducted the affairs of France up to the moment of the outbreak. To their account, and to theirs alone, should an enlightened historian have referred the failure of the great national experiment; even though the people, their creature, had been exclusively its immediate agent. But we should also ask ourselves, were the errors and vacillation of the court nothing?—the obstinacy of the privileged castes nothing?—the coalesced monarchs, and the relentless hostility of the foreign powers, nothing in the great reckoning to be rendered to posterity of the excesses and misfortunes of those times? These are serious questions.

But Mr. Alison has not alone erred in his judgment of French affairs: his *précis* of the Irish rebellion, and its causes, is equally or more faulty, and, if judged even by the speeches of decided Conservatives in the parliament now discussing Irish affairs, will be found *ex parte* and extravagant.

*New Facts regarding the Life of Shakespeare.*  
In a Letter to Thomas Amoy, Esq., from J. Payne Collier. London: Rodd.

This is a very interesting little volume. To Mr. Collier we are already indebted for a valuable 'History of English Dramatic Poetry,' and for other like works, and he still, it appears, toils on in his labour of love, for which he is deserving the best thanks of the public. On this occasion he has been fortunate almost beyond hope, and certainly beyond all reasonable expectation. So little is really known of Shakespeare, that the most trifling authenticated fact becomes important, and yet so many learned and laborious men have devoted their whole lives to hunting for information, that further search seemed all but hopeless in its results. It was, however, the good fortune of Mr. Collier to have free access to the voluminous MSS. at Bridgewater House, and the permission of Lord Francis Egerton to make use of any literary or historical information he might discover. Among the most interesting of these documents are



many of the official and other papers of Lord Ellesmere, Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Chancellor to James I.: some of these had, it appeared, been arranged and classed by the Rev. H. J. Todd, but large bundles, ranging in point of date between 1581 and 1616, still remained unexamined, and many had, it is believed, never been opened from the time when, perhaps, the Chancellor's own hand tied them together.

Shakespeare, according to the generally-received opinion, came to London about 1586 or 1587, but he did not begin to write for the stage, or even to remodel old plays, till about 1590 or 1591. The earliest date at which his name has hitherto been mentioned in connexion with the Blackfriars Theatre, is 1598, when it appears to a petition to the Privy Council, first printed in the 'History of Dramatic Poetry.' "But," says Mr. Collier, "the MSS. at Bridgewater House now enable me to furnish, not only the name of Shakespeare, but the names of the whole company of sharers seven years earlier." It appears, that such was the licence taken at that time by several of the companies of players, that persons were officially appointed to examine into and remedy the abuse. In consequence, a certificate, as it were, of good character, was presented to the Council by the Queen's players, and in this certificate the names of the whole company of shareholders are set forth, Shakespeare's being among them. "This," says Mr. Collier, "seems sufficiently to contradict the idle story of his having commenced his career by holding horses at the play-house door; for, if true, he could hardly have made such way in his profession as to establish himself a sharer within two or three years after his first appearance in the metropolis. In this document, that is, in 1589, says Mr. Collier, "Shakespeare's name is placed twelfth in the list of the sixteen members of the Company. In 1596, he had so far advanced, that it was inserted fifth, when only eight of the association were named; in 1603, he was second in the new patent granted by King James on his accession. How much weight is due to these locations, and what inferences we may fairly draw from them, it is not easy to decide, but they certainly show that Shakespeare, from the first, was gradually making his way to greater prominence of station."

It further appears, from records here produced, that there was continued enmity between the corporation of London and the actors at the Blackfriars, but the latter claimed to be beyond the jurisdiction of the former, in consequence of the theatre having been built on a site formerly occupied by a religious fraternity. In 1605, a formal complaint against them was made by the Lord Mayor to the Privy Council, as appears from the following document:—

"LEONARD HALIDAY Maior 1605.

"Whereas Kempe, Atmyne and others, Plaiers at the Blacke Fryers, have againe not forborne to bring upon their stage one or more of the worshipfull Aldermen of the City of London, to their great scandall and to the lessening of their authority, the Lords of the right honorable the Privy Councell are besought to call the said Players before them and to enquire into the same, that order may be taken to remedy the abuse, either by putting down or removing the said Theatre."

The players, however, were more than a match for the corporation, and, accordingly, in 1608, we find the latter treating with, and attempting to buy them out. The curious document relating to this treaty, throws considerable light on the question of the amount of Shakespeare's property, about five years before he retired to Stratford. We are, indeed, of opinion, that Mr. Collier trusts too confidently to the player's estimate—but no matter.

"Among the papers of Lord Ellesmere," says Mr. Collier, "is a minute and curious account, showing the precise interest of all the principal persons connected with the Company in 1608, and among the rest of Shakespeare himself. It is evident that it was drawn up in order to ascertain what sum it would be necessary for the Corporation to pay to the Players for removal; and it must have been laid before the Lord Chancellor, with other documents connected with the inquiry. Hence we learn that Shakespeare's property in the Blackfriars Theatre, including the Wardrobe and properties, which were exclusively his, was estimated at more than 1400*l.*, which would be equal to between 6000*l.* and 7000*l.* of our present money. Burbage was even richer, as the owner of what is called 'the fee' of the play-house, and perhaps he, or his father, had bought the ground on which it stood as well as the building. However, it will be better first to insert a literal copy of the account, and afterwards to offer some remarks upon it. The paper is entitled

'FOR AVOIDING OF THE PLAYHOUSE IN THE  
PRECINCT OF THE BLACK FRIERS.

Imp. Richard Burbidge oweth the Fee, and is alsoe a sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the grosse summe of 1000 li for the Fee, and for his foure shares the summe of 333 li 6s. 8d.	1933 li. 6s. 8d.
Item Laz Fletcher oweth three shares which he rateth at 700 li, that is at 7 yeares purchase for each share or 33li. 6s. 8d. one yeare with an other	700 li.
Item W. Shakespeare asketh for the Wardrobe and properties of the same play house 500 li and for his 4 shares, the same as his fellows Burbidge and Fletcher viz 633 li. 6s. 8d.	1433 li. 6s. 8d.
Item Heminges and Condell eche 2 shares	933 li. 6s. 8d.
Item Joseph Taylor 1 share and an halfe	350 li.
Item Lowing also one share and an halfe	350 li.
Item Foure more playes with one halfe share to eche of them	466 li. 13s. 4d.
Sum <sup>s</sup> totalis.....	6166. 13. 4.

'Moreover, the hired men of the Companie demand some recompense for their great losse, and the Widowes and Orphanes of Playes, who are paid by the Sharers at diuers rates and proportions, so as in the whole it will coste the Lo. Mayor and the Citizens at the least 7000*l.*'

"This, you will own at once, is a very singular, as well as a very valuable document, considering how scanty has hitherto been all our information regarding the pecuniary circumstances of our great Poet. Till now all has depended upon conjecture, both as to the value of theatrical property generally in the time of Shakespeare, and as to the particular sum he may be supposed to have realized as an author of plays and as an actor of them. \* \* \* We are to presume that the materials for this statement were derived from the actors, and that they made out their loss as large as it could well be shown to be, with a view to gaining full compensation; but if each share produced on an average, or (to use the terms of the document), 'one year with another,' 33*l.* 6s. 8d., the twenty shares would net an annual sum of 666*l.* 13s. 4d., or somewhat less than 3,400*l.* of our present money. Shakespeare's annual income from the receipts at the Blackfriars Theatre, without the amount paid

him for the use of the wardrobe and properties, would therefore be 133*l.* 6s. 8d. It is possible, however, that there might be a deduction for his proportion of the rent to Burbage, and of the salaries to the 'hired men,' who were always paid by the sharers. To this income would be to be added the sums he received for either new or altered plays. At about this date it appears that from 12*l.* to 25*l.* were usually given for new dramatic productions. Much would of course depend upon the popularity of the author.

"We have a right to conclude that the Globe was at least as profitable as the Blackfriars: it was a public theatre of larger dimensions, and the performances took place at a season when, probably, playhouses were more frequented: if not, why should they have been built so as to contain a more numerous audience? At the lowest computation, therefore, I should be inclined to put Shakespeare's yearly income at 300*l.*, or not far short of 1,500*l.* of our present money. We are to recollect that in 1608 he had produced most of his greatest works, the plausible conjecture being that he wrote only five or six plays between that year and his final retirement from London. In what way, and for what amount, he previously disposed of his interest in the Blackfriars and Globe theatres it is useless to attempt to speculate."

It is already known that, in 1602, Shakespeare bought 107 acres of land, which he attached to his house of New Place—that in 1605 he gave 440*l.* for the lease of a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford, and Mr. Collier now informs us, that it appears from a document, a copy of which is given in the work before us, preserved among the Fines in the Chapter House, Westminster, that, in 1603, he bought a messuage, with barn, granary, garden and orchard, at Stratford, for 60*l.*!

But the most interesting document discovered is the following letter, addressed, Mr. Collier supposes, to Lord Ellesmere, in order to induce him to exert himself on behalf of the players, when assailed by the corporation of London. Here, however, we cannot but pause. This letter is professedly a copy—why copied? is it a contemporary, or a modern copy? These and other questions we should feel bound to ask, if we were examining the question as one of evidence; but Mr. Collier's name is our trust and security.

"The initials, H. S.," says Mr. Collier, "I take to be those of Henry Southampton, who was the noble patron of Shakespeare, and who, in this very letter, calls the poet his 'especial friend.' It has no direction, and the copy was apparently made on half a sheet of paper; but there can be little doubt that the original was placed in the hands of Lord Ellesmere by Burbage, or by Shakespeare, when they waited upon the Lord Chancellor in company:—

"My verie honored Lord. The manie good offices I have received at your Lordships hands, which ought to make me backward in asking further favors, onely imbouldens me to require more in the same kinde. Your Lordship will be warned howe hereafter you graunt anie sute, seeing it draweth on more and greater demands. This which now presseth is to request your Lordship, in all you can, to be good to the poore players of the Black Fryers, who call them selues by authoritie the Senuants of his Majestie, and aske for the protection of their most graceous Maister and Sovereigne in this tyme of their trouble. They are threatened by the Lord Maior and Aldermen of London, never friendly to their calling, with the destruction of their meanes of livelihood, by the pulling downe



of their plaiehouse, which is a private Theatre, and hath neuer giuen occasion of anger by anie disorders. These bearers are two of the chiefe of the companie; one of them by name Richard Burbidge, who humble sueth for your Lordships kinde helpe, for that he is a man famous as our English Roscius, one who fitteth the action to the word and the word to the action most admirably. By the exercise of his qualitie industry and good behaviour, he hath bene come possessed of the Blacke Fryers playhouse, which hath bene employed for playes sithence it was builded by his Father now nere 50 yeres agone. The other is a man no whit lesse deserving favor, and my especiall friende, till of late an actor of good account in the companie, now a sharer in the same, and writer of some of our best English playes, which as your Lordship knoweth were most singularly liked of Queene Elizabeth, when the companie was called vpon to performe before her Ma<sup>tie</sup> at Court at Christmas and Shrovetide. His most gracious Ma<sup>tie</sup> King James alsoe, since his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royall fauour to the companie in diuers waies and at sundrie tymes. This other hath to name William Shakespeare, and they are both of one countie, and indeede almost of one towne: both are right famous in their qualities though it longeth not to your Lo. grauitie and wisdom to resort unto the places where they are wont to delight the publike care. Their trust and sute nawe is not to bee molested in their waye of life whereby they maintaine them selues and their wives and families (being both married and of good reputation) as well as the widowes and orphans of some of their dead fellows.

"Your Lo. most bounden at com."

"Copia vera."

"H. S."

There is a great deal of curious matter incidentally touched on by Mr. Collier, but we must confine ourselves to the immediate subject of his interesting paper. Even the fact of Shakespeare being associated in the patent for educating the children of the Queen's Revels—the curious and minute description of the habit of Falstaff, as then played, we must pass, to come to the following letter, addressed by Samuel Daniel, the poet, to Lord Ellesmere, who, it is reasonable to suppose, had procured for him the appointment of Master of the Queen's Revels. In this letter he refers expressly to Shakespeare, though not by name. As Daniel was appointed to this office on the 30th of January 1603, Mr. Collier concludes that the following letter was written shortly after:—

"To the right honorable Sr. Thomas Egerton, knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale of England."

"I will not indeavour, Right honorable, to thanke you in wordes for this new great and unlookt for favor shown vnto me, whereby I am bound to you for ever, and hope one day with true harte and simple skill to prove that I am not vnmindfull. Most earnestly doe I wish I could praise as your Honor has knowne to deserve, for then should I, like my maister Spenser, whose memorie your Honor cherisheth, leave behinde me some wortheie worke, to be treasured by posterity. What my pore Muse could performe in haste is here set downe, and though it be farre below what other poets and better pens have written, it cometh from a gratefull harte and therefore may be accepted. I shall now be able to live free from those cares and troubles that hitherto have bene my continuall and wearisome companions. But a little time is past since I was called vpon to thanke your Honor for my brothers advancement, and now I thanke you for myne owne; which double kindnes will alwaies receive double gratefulness at

both our handes. I cannot but knowe that I am lesse deserving then some that sued by other of the nobility vnto her Ma<sup>tie</sup> for this roome: if M. Draiton, my good friend, had bene chosen, I should not have murmured, for sure I ame he wold have filled it most excellentlie: but it seemeth to myne humble iudgement that one who is the authour of playes now daylie presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gaines, and moreover him selfe an Actor in the Kings Companie of Comedians, could not with reason pretend to be Mr. of the Queenes Ma<sup>ties</sup> Revels, for as much as he wold sometimes be asked to approve and allow of his owne writings. Therefore, he, and more of like quality, cannot justlie be disappointed because through your Honours gracious interposition the chance was haply myne. I owe this and all else to your honour, and if ever I have time and abilitie to finish anie noble vnder-taking, as God graunt one daye I shall, the worke will rather be your Honors then myne. God maketh a poet, but his creation would be in vaine if patrons did not make him to live. Your Honor hath ever showne your self the friend of desert, and pity it were if this should be the first exception to the rule. It shall not be, while my pore wit and strength doe remaine to me, though the verses which I now send be indeede no prooffe of myne abilitie. I onely intreat your Honor to accept the same, the rather as an earnest of my good will then as an example of my good deede. In all things I am your Honors

"Moste bounden in dutie and observance,

"SAMUEL DANIEL."

There can be no doubt, as Mr. Collier observes, that Michael Drayton, the poet, is the one party referred to, and Shakespeare the other. Here, after once more offering our best thanks to Mr. Collier, for his very interesting little volume, we must conclude; but we beg leave, at parting, to direct the attention of our readers to the circular lately issued by the Shakespeare Club, and to be found in another part of this day's *Athenæum*.

*An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Barbary States.* By the Rev. M. Russell, L.L.D. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

*Algiers and Barbary.* By P. B. Lord, M.B. London: Whittaker & Co.

THESE works treat of the same subject, but they are widely different in character and purpose. Dr. Russell has written an account of the Barbary States, designed like the other volumes of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, to be a standard work of reference: Mr. Lord has examined the social and political condition of Algiers, and the neighbouring presidencies, their agricultural and commercial capabilities, expressly with a view of illustrating the importance of the French colony in Africa. Both writers have performed their tasks with great ability; Dr. Russell's work possesses most permanent value, Mr. Lord's most immediate interest. We had, indeed, intended to have extracted from the latter sketches of the character of the different races now subject to the French Government, until we recollected, that the subject had been fully reported on, in the several notices of Rozet's 'Voyage dans la Regence d'Alger.'

Having described the various races over which France has established her dominion, Mr. Lord next investigates the local circumstances of the colony, the climate, the prevailing diseases, and the natural productions

† See Volume for 1833, pages 373, 433, 513, 632, 647.

of the country. These chapters we regard as the most valuable part of his work. We were particularly pleased with his account of the plague. Our increasing intercourse with Egypt and Syria, must bring many of our countrymen in contact with that frightful disease, and it is of importance, therefore, that they should learn the precautionary measures that have proved most efficient in checking contagion, and the medical treatment which has most generally proved successful. The concluding chapter describes the conduct of the French at Algiers, in colours rather darker, we think, than justice requires. If ever a true history of European colonial policy be written, it will be a shocking record of human folly and human crime; but it will also prove, that a civilized state, brought into immediate contact with a semi-barbarous people, is necessarily driven into a state of hostility, leaving no alternative between conquest and ruin. It may be impossible in many instances, to justify the conduct of our countrymen to the Hindûs, of the Dutch to the Caffres, of the Americans to the Indians, or of the French to the Africans, but a large abatement must be made for circumstances of position, before we pronounce sentence of condemnation.

Before concluding our notice of these works, we cannot avoid directing the attention of historical students to Dr. Russell's account of the Christian Churches in Western Africa, a subject full of interest, which has been too long neglected by ecclesiastical writers. We may also mention, that the original establishment of the Turks in Algiers, is about to be elucidated by the completion of Mitchell's Translation of Haji Khalifeh's Maritime Wars of the Turks, and the publication of Khair-ed-din's (the celebrated Barbarossa) journal of his exploits under the superintendence of the Oriental Translation Committee.

*Sphinx Incruenta; or, Two Hundred and Twelve original Enigmas and Charades.* Edinburgh: Black; London, Longman.

By Mr. Glassford, we presume; for so we read the following lines which figure in the title-page, in the place where the author's name is not:—

The author himself is a shallow charade;  
You can see through his first, through his second can wade.

"Surely!" says some spectacled son of the multiplication table, "they are not going to waste our time and our fourpence, in reviewing a work of this sort?"

"Nay, nay, bide a while," replies a cautious coffee-house diplomatist standing by; "who knows but the volume may be a financial essay, a collection of King's speeches, or the art of writing electioneering addresses? for they are all enigmas in their several ways, and difficult enough to unriddle too, sometimes."

This was not a bad guess: we, at least, are accustomed to meet with so many books of riddles, which do not bear the title, that we should not have been surprised to have found for once the title, without the corresponding contents. A large portion of the volumes subjected to our perusal are in themselves perfect riddles; and there are many others, "whose true no meaning puzzles more than sense," and whose study is not a less waste of time, than that

expended in threading the mazes of My first and My second. After all, charades are at least as intellectual and entertaining, as the major part of the hot-pressed duodecimos of fugitive poetry, which load 'Our Library Table.' They are quite as instructive as half the polemical tracts that are set before us, and not a quarter as mischievous. Indeed, as literature goes, their innocence is as singular as it is conspicuous. They are not personal, not calumnious, not striving to make the worse appear the better cause; they puff no jobbing joint-stock company—they recommend no emigration scheme, "holding the word of promise to the ear to break it to the hope," and thus enable the selfish to profit by the misery of the confiding—double dealers though they are, they have no connexion with what is now emphatically called "our Society"—they canvass not for professional practice.—They are not even written to gratify the ambition buried, heretofore, perhaps, in the obscurity of the fly-leaf of a Diffusion Treatise—nor to establish the author as a professed diner-out. In brief, they treat neither of law, physic, nor politics; nor are they art and part in propagating any other the less established systems of humbug, which are daily attempted to be palmed upon the public, under solemn and plausible names.

Neither is it a small merit, that charades are formed for the amusement of the young, though success in this way, like pleasing their Highnesses, *non ultima laus est*. It very rarely falls to our lot to take up the pen exclusively in behalf of this portion of our readers; we are not sorry, therefore, of having found an occasion of doing the honours by even the humblest department of their peculiar literature.

To conclude this our labour of love, we must give an extract, we suppose, to illustrate Mr. Glassford's ability; and we have chosen for this purpose a charade, which if it is something of the longest, is far from the worst of its kind:—

Pronounced as one letter, and written with three,  
Two letters there are, and two only, in me.  
I am double, am single, am black, blue, and gray;  
I read from both ends, and the same either way.  
I am restless and wandering, am steady and fixed,  
And you know not one hour what I may be the next.  
I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy,  
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.  
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek;  
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak;  
I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright,  
I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right,  
I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull,  
Expressive and languid, contracted and full.  
I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry,  
And judge, and decide, and examine, and try.  
I'm a globe, and a mirror, a window, a door,  
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.  
I belong to all animals under the sun,  
And to those which were long understood to have none.  
By some I am said to exist in the mind,  
And am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind.  
Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,  
And I wore them all three on the day I was born.  
I am covered quite snug, have a lid and a fringe;  
Yet I move every way on invisible hinge.  
A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,  
Who is little by day, and grows big in the night,  
Whom I cherish with care as a part of myself;  
For in truth I depend on this delicate elf,  
Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack  
Throws it into a net which I keep at my back;  
And, though heels over head it arrives, in a trice  
It is sent up to table all proper and nice.  
I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,  
But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.  
A blow makes me run, though I have not a limb;  
Though I neither have fins nor a bladder I swim.  
Like many more couples, my partner and I  
At times will look cross at each other or shy;  
Yet still, though we differ in what we're about,  
One will do all the work when the other is out.

I am least apt to cry, as they always remark.  
When trimmed with good laces, or kept in the dark.  
Should I fret and be heated, they put me to bed,  
And leave me to cool upon water and bread.  
But if hardened I grow, they make use of the knife,  
Lest an obstinate humour endanger my life.  
Or you may, though the treatment appears to be rough.

Run a spit through my side, and with safety enough.  
Like boys who are fond of the fruit and their play,  
I am seen with my ball and my apple all day.  
My belt is a rainbow, I reel and I dance;  
I am said to retire, but I never advance.  
I am read by physicians as one of their books,  
And am used by the ladies to fasten their hooks.  
My language is plain, though it cannot be heard,  
And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.  
Some call me a diamond; some say I am jet;  
Others talk of my water, or how I am set.  
I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,  
And an isle of his sea in the Irishman's dream.  
The earth without me would no loveliness wear,  
And sun, moon, and stars at my wink disappear,  
Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,  
That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

We shall only add, that though a tolerably fair specimen of the work, we would not be understood as insinuating, that the entire volume is *all* my eye.

*The Poetical Works of John Milton.* Edited by Sir Egerton Brydges. With imaginative Illustrations by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Vol. I. London: Macrone.

THE immeasurable distance between the poets—the few who sit "enthroned among the stars"—and the minstrels who have "the name and all the addition" while they live, is in no way more clearly evinced than in the number and nature of their several biographies. Of the latter, one faithful and fluent pen is sufficient to tell all that the world desires to know; but of the former, a hundred may trace their lives, and comment on their works, yet still there remains something of which we desire to be informed; and every shrewd searcher, or subtle speculator, or original thinker, is certain of a willing audience. How else can we account for the fact, that now, in 1835, two centuries after Shakespeare and Milton were "quietly inurned," we are called on in the same week to notice additional contributions to their several biographies?—how else explain the satisfaction with which we turned to this new *Life of the Poet* "blind yet bold." We knew that Phillips, his nephew—that Newton, and Johnson, and Hayley, and Todd, and Symmons, and Mitford, had already garnered up all the incidents of his life—that these, and numberless others, Addison included, had given to the world critical dissertations on his Poems,—and yet we were well pleased to receive this volume from the hand of one who, though differing widely from the Iconoclast in many important opinions and principles, was sure to approach the subject humbly, and reverently, with love and admiration. Sir Egerton Brydges was certainly not the man we should have chosen as the editor of Milton's prose writings; but we know not, at this present moment, that there is any one to whom the task of collating and commenting upon his poems could have been more worthily confided.

The result, so far as is yet apparent, is a pleasant critical biography, which all may read with pleasure, and most with instruction. We ourselves were never more strongly impressed, than in our progress through this work, with the gigantic power of Milton's mind—the studious and patient labour with which he perfected and enlarged its powers—and the heroic devotedness with which he condescended

to the ungracious and mechanical duties of life. Sir Egerton Brydges, setting aside all political differences, regrets that so many years should have been wasted in commonplace drudgery,—years wherein he might have produced works as certain of immortality as the 'Paradise Lost.' We do not share his regret. We believe that those were years of preparation—of training and disciplining—trials of heart as of mind—and, that the almost superhuman calmness with which he eventually looked on all the busy turmoil of the world around him, and heard unmoved its "barbarous dissonance," was attributable in degree to the consciousness of having done his duty as a citizen and a fellow-labourer in the good cause—in which, though he failed, he "fell, but was not vanquished." Of this we are certain, that by so devoting himself, he has left a noble example, of warning and encouragement, to all who may think life's duties burthensome—who would persuade themselves that genius should be exempt from the common business and the common cares of that world, into which the weak and the strong are alike born, and in which they must alike serve.

We have only one word of complaint. In his desire to establish certain preconceived opinions against Milton's puritanism, or rather against puritanism generally, Sir Egerton repeats the old libel, that, in the 'Iconoclastes,' he censured King Charles for reading Shakespeare. Now this appears to us a grievous mistake; and we willingly persuade ourselves that Sir Egerton has confidently repeated the assertion, instead of referring to the work itself. Could such censure be reconciled to the affectionate mention of the poet in 'L'Allegro:'

Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

But let us look more narrowly into the subject. Milton is endeavouring to overthrow the claims set up for Charles as a good and religious man, on the strength of his prayers and pious ejaculations, and his argument is to the effect of the old proverb, "that the devil can quote scripture to serve his purpose." What is more common, he says—common even in *poetical usage*—than for tyrants to speak reverently, and of holy things, to gain their ends? and then, by way of illustration, and not as a reproach, he adds, "I will not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of his solitudes—William Shakespeare, who introduces the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage in this book" [the 'Eikon Basilike']. Surely there is no censure here, but a simple illustrative fact. We rather think that Cooke, the solicitor general, in a speech intended to have been spoken had Charles pleaded to the indictment, and which he subsequently published, does prefer some such charge: but Cooke and Milton were as opposite as light and darkness.

We have now only to observe, that the volume is got up in a very handsome manner, with a good portrait, and a vignette from Turner's matchless pencil, that is positively sublime.

*Travels in the East.* By M. de Lamartine.  
Vol. 4. Paris, and London: Bossange & Co.

IN the fourth volume of this work, which has just appeared in Paris, there is a curious account of a mission sent by Napoleon into the East, among the tribes of Bedouin Arabs, the particulars of which have not, so far as we recollect, heretofore, been made known to the public. It appears that Napoleon, whose genius was perfectly of the oriental character, never lost sight of the East, and that, even whilst his projects in Europe were most gigantic, those which he had in contemplation in Asia still surpassed them in boundlessness of view. Whilst in the full tide of conquest at home, (for so our continent might appear to him,) he began already to feel "*cette vieille Europe m'ennuie*," and sent an envoy into Arabia to reconnoitre the whole desert to the frontiers of India, to take notes of the localities and resources of the land and the people, to unite all the tribes together under one chief, to induce them to separate themselves from the Turkish dominion, and to prepare them to receive with open arms the great conqueror of the West when he should come to break that galling yoke from off their neck. Strange as this project appears, it was, nevertheless, put into execution. Mons. Lascaris was, it appears, the *avant-courrier* whom Bonaparte sent to prepare his way before him. Lascaris associated himself with a young Christian Arab of Aleppo, named Fatalla Sayeghir, who acted as his secretary. The two adventurers, the one under the borrowed name of Sheik Ibrahim (Lascaris), and the other under that of Abdalla el Krateb, succeeded in penetrating into the very heart of the tribes of the desert. They soon got intimately into the confidence of the most powerful of the Arab chiefs, Drahya Eben Chahlan, and induced him and the tribes he was in amity with, to draw up a secret alliance, offensive and defensive, against the Turks. Those tribes who at first refused to enter into this treaty were constrained thereto by force of arms, or led by the negotiations which were carried on with them by the two subtle Christians. The hatred which the Bedouins bear the Turks, made the formation of this alliance less difficult than it at first appeared to be. Finally, all the tribes of the desert were, it is said, banded together as one man, in favour of the cause, and waited impatiently for the arrival of the great conqueror, to place themselves and their country at his disposal. The mission of Lascaris was now accomplished, and he was returning to Europe and to Paris, when he heard at Cairo of the disastrous retreat of Napoleon from Moscow, and he fell sick and died. The volume before us says that his papers were seized by the English consul, Mr. Salt, and sent to England. His associate Fatalla Sayeghir, returned in despondency to his own country, where he has remained in obscurity till now. Mons. de Lamartine however heard of him and of his history from his dragoman, during his travels in the East; and being informed that Fatalla Sayeghir had made notes of this secret expedition, he negotiated for their sale, bought them, had them translated, and has published them in the volume, now before us. We regret that it is not in our power to give the details of this expedi-

tion, or otherwise to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, than by this hasty notice. The particulars to which we allude are too diffuse, and scattered at too wide intervals through the narrative, to admit of a full account in our limited space. There are, however, many scenes, of Arabian manners picturesquely described, which we may detach without entering into the general narrative, and of these we will translate one or two. The following is the description of an Arab marriage:—

This moment of calm and leisure was occupied in the preparations for a marriage between Giarah, son of Fares, chief of the tribe of El Harba, and Sabha, daughter of Bargiass, the most beautiful maid of the desert. Fares begged the Drahya (the most powerful chief of the Bedouins, and to whom the French emissaries had particularly attached themselves) to accompany him to Bargiass, to demand the lady in marriage. The chiefs of the tribes, in their richest dresses, escorted them. We arrived at the tent of Bargiass without any one coming to meet us. Bargiass rose not to receive us: such is the custom on the occasion. The least appearance of an advance is considered indelicate. After a few moments of silence, the Drahya spoke: "Why," said he, "do you give us so bad a reception? If you will not offer us refreshment, we will return home." Meantime Sabha, being concealed in a part of the tent reserved for the women, regarded her wooer through an opening in the cloth. Before the negotiation commences, it is necessary that the young maiden should make a sign that she accepts the lover presented to her; for if, after this secret examination, she tells her mother that her destined husband does not please her, the contemplated marriage is broken off. But, on the present occasion, the young man was handsome and of a noble and proud bearing, and Sabha made a sign of consent to her mother, who then replied to the Drahya, "You are welcome! Not only will we give you to eat, with all our heart, but we will grant you all that you desire." "We have come," replied the Drahya, "to ask your daughter in marriage, for the son of our friend; what do you ask for her marriage portion?" "One hundred nakas," (female goats of the finest description,) replied Bargiass, "five hundred horses of the race of Nedgde, five hundred sheep, three negroes and three negresses to wait upon Sabha; and for her *trousseau*, a shawl embroidered with gold, a robe of damask silk, ten bracelets of amber and of coral, and yellow boots." The Drahya made some observations on this exorbitant demand, saying, "You wish, then, to justify the Arab proverb—If you desire not to marry your daughter, exaggerate her price. Be a little more reasonable if you wish the marriage to take place." Finally, the portion was settled at fifty nakas, two horses, two hundred sheep, a negro and a negress. The *trousseau* demanded was granted. After having written this agreement, I read it with a loud voice. Then all present recited the prayer *Falila*, the paternoster of the Mussulmans, which gives a sanction to the contract; and then goat's milk was served round to all the guests. After this repast, the younger persons of the party mounted on horseback to hurl the dijierid, and amuse themselves in other warlike pastimes. We separated at the close of the day, and nothing was thought of but preparations for the nuptial festival. After the expiration of three days, the marriage portion was ready. An immense *cortège* took the road to escort it, in the following order: in front marched a horseman with a white flag on the point of his lance; he cried out, as he advanced, "I am the bearer of the stainless honour of Bargiass." After him came the camels, decorated with garlands, flowers,

and foliage, with their conductors; then the negro on horseback, richly dressed, surrounded by men on foot, singing popular airs. Behind them marched a troop of warriors, armed with matchlocks, which they fired off continually. Then followed a woman, carrying a vase of fire, in which she threw incense. Then the flock of milk sheep, driven on by shepherds, singing the same songs as Chibouk, the mother of Antar, sang near two thousand years ago; for the manners of the Bedouins never change. Then came the negroes on horseback, and surrounded by two hundred women on foot; this group uttered cries of joy, and sang nuptial songs which pierced the ears. The procession was closed by the camel which bore the *trousseau*: the shawl, embroidered with gold, hung like drapery over its back; the yellow boots dangled from its sides; and the objects of value, arranged in festoons, and built up with great taste, formed a sumptuous coronal. A little child, of the most illustrious family, mounted on this camel, cried out aloud, "May we be for ever victorious, and may the fires of our enemies be for ever extinguished!" As for me, I ran about from one side to the other, the better to enjoy this spectacle.

It would occupy too much of our space to describe the subsequent ceremonies, which are, besides, by no means so picturesque as those already detailed. The following is a description of the ceremony of reconciliation between two chiefs who have been at enmity:—

This poor old man (Mehanna by name, the chief of a tribe, but greatly humbled by reverses) advanced alone towards the tent of the Drahya, who determined to receive him as a friend, but to refuse his submission. We interposed in his favour. Sheik Ibrahim (Lascaris) urged the hospitality with which he had received us in the desert. The Drahya at last yielded, and the chiefs of the tribes went out to meet him, to testify the respect due to his age and rank. When he dismounted from his horse, the Drahya seated him in the place of honour in the corner of his tent, and ordered coffee to be brought. Then Mehanna, rising, said, "I will not drink of your coffee till we are completely reconciled, and till we have buried the seven stones." Then, the Drahya rising also, they drew their swords and presented them mutually to each other to kiss; they then embraced, as did all present. Mehanna now made a hole in the middle of the tent with his lance, of the depth of one foot, and having chosen seven little stones, he said to the Drahya, "In the name of the God of peace, whom we take for thy guarantie and for mine, we bury thus for ever our enmity." As the stones dropped into the hole, the two Sheiks covered them over with earth; and whilst they did this the women uttered deafening cries of joy. This ceremony being terminated, they resumed their seats, and the coffee was served. From this moment there was no further reference made to the past; and I have been assured that a reconciliation without this formality is never complete.

Our next extract is a description of the manner in which war is announced, and the tribes gathered together to go out to battle:—

The Drahya made a solemn announcement of the war according to the custom of the Bedouins on great occasions, in the following manner:—A white camel was chosen, which was blackened completely with smoke and oil; its bridle was a halter of black skin, and on it was placed a young girl dressed in black, her face and hands also blackened. Ten men led the camel from tribe to tribe, and as it arrived at each encampment the girl cried out, three times, "Aid, aid, aid!" Who of you will whiten this camel? Behold, a piece of the tent of the



Drahy, which is menaced with ruin. Run, run, great and generous defenders! The Wha-bees are coming; they will carry off your allies and your brothers. All you who hear me, address your prayers to Mahomet and to Ali, to the first and to the last."

We will conclude by a comic tale, which is truly Arabian:—

The Bedouins greatly delight in telling stories after supper. Here is one which an Emir related to us, which shows the strong attachment which they bear to their horses, and the pride which they take in them. A man of the Emir tribe, named Giabal, had a mare which was very celebrated. Hassad Pacha, then vizier of Damascus, had often made him large offers for her in vain, for a Bedouin loves his horse as his wife. The Pacha tried menaces, but they had no better effect. At last another Bedouin, named Giafar, asked the Pacha what he would give him if he brought him the mare of Giabal. "I will fill your barley sack with gold," was the reply. Now Giabal tied his mare every night to a ring of iron, the chain of which passed into his tent, and was fixed to a stake driven deep into the earth, under the middle of the mats which served him for a bed. At midnight Giafar entered the tent on tiptoe, and, slipping gently between Giabal and his wife, he pushed softly first the one and then the other; the husband thought it was his wife who pushed him, and the wife thought it was her husband who pushed her, and they both made room. Then Giafar, with a well-sharpened knife, made a hole in the mats, detached the mare, mounted her, and, taking the lance of Giabal, pricked him slightly with it, saying: "It is I, Giafar, who have taken your beautiful mare, and I warn you in time;" so saying, he started off. Giabal springs from his tent, calls up his horsemen, takes the mare of his brother, and pursues Giafar for four hours. The mare of the brother of Giabal was of the same blood as his own, but not so good. Getting a-head of all the other horsemen, he was on the point of overtaking Giafar, when he called out to him—"Pinch her right ear, and give her a kick with the stirrup-iron." Giafar obeyed the hint, and went off like lightning. All pursuit became then useless, too great a distance separated them. The other Bedouins reproached Giabal with having been himself the cause of the loss of his mare: "I would rather," replied he, "lose her, than tarnish her reputation. Do you think I would have it said in the tribe of Would Ali, that any other mare could overtake her?"

'The Heavens, by Robert Mudie.'—Few writers of the present day have done more for the simplification of knowledge than Mr. Mudie; and no one of his publications merits higher praise than the little volume before us. He has successfully shown, that the common operations of every-day life, the weighing and measuring with which even a child is familiar, may lead to a knowledge of the distances, magnitudes, masses and motions of the heavenly bodies. His object is not so much to teach astronomy, as to show the student how he may teach that sublime science to himself. Nature he regards as the book from which true science can alone be learned, and his volume shows how "Nature ought to be interrogated."

'The Corporations of England and Wales, by A. E. Cockburn, Esq., one of the Commissioners.'—This is a valuable abstract of the ponderous folios, lately submitted to Parliament. It contains a great deal of information, all indeed that the public generally could desire, relating to the existing condition of the several corporations.

## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

GERMANY.—By O. L. B. WOLFF, LL.D.

[Continued from page 411.]

DRAMATIC Poetry has been in favour in Germany ever since the time of Schiller: but Schiller still remains unsurpassed. Amongst his successors, the noble and brave THEODOR KÖRNER must be considered as his strictest imitator. He was born on the 23rd of September, 1791, at Dresden—(his father was an intimate friend of Schiller's.)—received an excellent education at home, and afterwards studied at Freiberg and Leipzig. When he had finished his academical course he went to Berlin, afterwards to Vienna, where he became poet of the Imperial theatre. He left this place on the breaking out of the German war against Napoleon, followed General Lutzw, the leader of the famous body of volunteers, as his adjutant, and met his death in a skirmish near Gadebusch, in Mecklenburg, the 25th of August, 1813. There was a time when his name lived in the hearts of all Germans; his patriotic songs, which appeared under the title 'Leier und Schwerdt,' (Lyre and Sword,) were sung by young and old, who proclaimed him, in their enthusiasm, as the first of their poets; but this exaggerated admiration slackened in the years which succeeded, and though Körner is still highly esteemed as a man and a patriot, and even some of his songs are yet heard with rapture, some for the sake of the happy melodies which were adapted to them, it is generally agreed that he was rather a skillful imitator of Schiller, than a real and original poet. The truth of this assertion is particularly confirmed by his tragedies, which are, more or less, mere copies of Schiller. His style is poetical; his conceptions manifest skill and talent, but he wants originality and depth. He would, perhaps, have better developed his genius, had a longer life been granted to him, and had he not produced his works too early before a public, which was not capable of understanding their merits or their defects, and applauded them as masterpieces, being deceived by the excellence of their style, and their dramatic effect.†

ERNST AUGUSTE FRIEDRICH KLINGEMANN stands next on the list. He was born at Brunswick, on the 31st of August 1777, and died there on the 25th of January 1831, Doctor of Philosophy and manager-general of the Ducal theatre. He is far inferior to Körner; for all his dramatic works (Luther, Moses, Faust, Columbus,) are merely put together with an eye to effect, and possess no real poetical life and strength. They pleased the multitude by their pompous dialogue, and the sumptuousness of their spectacle, but very soon disappeared from the stage, and are already, with few exceptions, totally forgotten.

A third imitator of Schiller's is JOSEPH VON AUFFENBERG, born at Freiburg in Breisgau, in 1798, chamberlain and captain in the service of the Grand-Duke of Baden, a writer not without talent, but that talent rather rhetorical than poetical. His dialogue is sprightly and vivacious, and the arrangement of the plot of his plays is mostly well managed; but he has no creative genius, and borrows the fable of his tragedies from various sources, most frequently from Sir Walter Scott, whose novels he dramatized for our stage, and with success. He is a fruitful author, for he has written about twenty tragedies, and two or three novels, since 1817, when he made his first appearance.

Besides these, we have some dramatic poets who walked in a path of their own, (though they followed the direction of Schiller,) and gave their creations an ideal form. They did so from an internal conviction that this latter was the

† An excellent translation has been lately published of the songs of Körner—(see Athenæum, No. 366).

best and most adequate to their purposes; and they possessed enough original energy not to become mere imitators. First amongst them, and even, in more than one respect, the greatest tragic poet of the nineteenth century in our country, was HEINRICH VON KLEIST, whose life may, itself, be called a sorrowful tragedy. He was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder, on the 10th of October 1776; entered military life very early, and took an active part in the campaign on the Rhine. After his return, from 1799 till 1801, he studied the law in his native town, where an university flourished at that time, and was then appointed to an office under Struensee. The unhappy battle of Jena, and its dreadful consequences, obliged him to fly to Königsberg, but the French arrested him as soon as he came back, and he resided for some time, as a prisoner, at Joux, and afterwards at Chalons. He was released again in 1807, and took up his abode in Dresden, and after the year 1810 in Berlin; but the unhappy fate of his native country weighed heavily upon him. A female friend of his, a Madame Vogel, who was suffering from an incurable disease, made him promise, in some gloomy moment, that he would put an end to her life, when her malady had reached a certain point, after which nothing but the most terrible pains awaited her. Kleist, to whom life was an insupportable burthen, gave the promise—and fulfilled it. He destroyed her and himself, by a pistol-shot, in a little wood near Potsdam, on the 21st of November, 1811. A complete edition of his works has been published by Tieck; they consist of several tragedies, two comedies, and a series of excellent tales, amongst which that of 'Kohlhaas,' is especially remarkable. A rich and bold imagination, vigour and depth of feeling, and a noble and highly poetical dialogue, give his dramas a great and permanent value; and his endeavour to bring the weakness of mankind into harmony with its strength, and to show how the one can exist with the other in the same person, without moral blame, deserves grateful acknowledgment. It is not to be denied, that he sometimes falls into mistakes; but errors of this kind are a strong proof of his kind heart and his excellent sentiments. In him Germany lost one of her noblest sons: it is painful to reflect upon the things he might have performed, had he possessed the moral courage to endure those days which cast him down. His drama, 'The Prince of Hesse Homburg,' is, in my opinion, a masterpiece: there is such a deep knowledge of the human heart, and its lights and shades, in this work, that it approaches Shakespeare's and Goethe's conceptions of the same species. Another drama, founded upon a popular legend, 'Kätchen von Heilbronn,' full of the metaphysics of love, is still a favourite with the German public; it has, unluckily, been altered and adapted for stage representation, by the bad taste of Herr von Holbein, who, as a manager, preferred the theatrical effects upon the five senses of the spectators to the poetical one upon their feelings.

According to the best of my judgment, KARL IMMERMANN deserves to be placed next to Kleist. He was born at Magdeburg, on the 24th of April, 1796, and lives at Düsseldorf, as counsellor of the court of justice. In his first literary essays, Immermann took Shakespeare for his model, but had not determined how far he should go in his imitation of the great English bard. They did not, therefore, find a reception equal to their deserts; a want of success, which embittered the feelings of their author, and had a disadvantageous effect upon his later compositions. He is, nevertheless, a real poet, and each of his dra-

matic works brought him a step nearer to the ideal of his imagination; he became more and more correct, firmer, and more earnest as he proceeded, and his last works, particularly his 'Trauerspiel in Tyrol,' (The Tyrolean Tragedy,) 'Kaiser Friedrich,' 'Alexis,' and 'Merlin,' claim for him a place next to our first poets. A genuine nobility is inherent in his mind; and Heine was certainly not wrong, when he called him an eagle; his spirit soars like the king of birds, high above the common earth, and is full of vigour, magnanimity, and gentleness; his soul glows with generous passion, and, notwithstanding his hatred of the meanness of our times, he is warmly and faithfully attached to his native land. A day will come when Immermann's merits will be acknowledged, though it may not be, perhaps, till long after his death, according to the common fate of men: but the applause of posterity will not be denied to him. The influence of his love for Shakespeare especially manifests itself in some of his comedies, amongst which his 'Verkleidungen' is full of the true spirit of comedy, the effects of which will always be fresh and new. His scattered satires, 'Skizzen und Grillen,' (Sketches and Whims,) are masterpieces of wit and waggery.

ERNEST BENJAMIN SOLOMON RAUPACH is quite the opposite to Immermann. He was born on the 21st of May, 1784, at Straupitz, in Silesia, and is about the most prolific of modern dramatists, for he produces a new tragedy almost every month, and, in the interval, comedies and farces. They call him the Schiller of Berlin; and they may do so, for he is as artificial a Schiller as the whole life at Berlin is an artificial life—not a touch of nature to be found in either. He is a man of great talent, but rhetorical rather than poetical. If tragedies could be composed by the understanding alone, and required not the inspiring breath of the heart, he would certainly be one of our first dramatic poets, for his understanding is what we call in Germany hair-splitting, and reigns over his imagination as over a slave; but as all, in his works, which concerns the heart and affections, is not derived from himself, but borrowed from others, his conceptions are merely so many calculations, to which the understanding gives the solution. His comedies, too, want nature, and abound in exaggerations. Of his tragedies, his 'Isidor und Olga,' and 'König Enzo,' may be considered the best; of the latter 'Die Schleichhändler,' (The Smugglers.) His poetical language is always highly correct, and full of rhetorical beauties; but the beggar is still a beggar, though he be tricked out in the royal purple.

I could mention many more worthy names in this place, but it would lead me too far, if I were to dwell at length upon each; I shall, therefore, only direct the reader's attention to them by a short notice. They are—JENS OEHLENSCHLÄGER, a Dane, born at Friedrichsberg, near Copenhagen, in 1779, who wrote likewise German tragedies, and who would stand next to Schiller, were he not at times too sentimental; as, for instance, in his 'Correggio.' His best production is 'Hakon Jarl'; the gigantic character of this northern hero was felt by the poet.—CHRISTIAN GRABBE, born in 1801, at Detmold, whose 'Heinrich VL.,' 'Napoleon und die Hundert Tage,' (Napoleon and the Hundred Days,) 'Faust und Don Juan,' are the productions of a genius rich and lofty, but irregular and wild.—MICHAEL BECK, the author of 'Struensee,' who died very young, two years ago; and EDUARD GEHE; G. A. VON MALTIZ; F. F. VON MALTIZ, who finished the fragments of 'Demetrius,' left by Schiller; E. VON SCHENK, the author of 'Belisarius'; VON MECHTILTZ, the author of 'Darius,' &c. &c.

For a time the drama took a new direction, and an evidence of the bad taste then reigning, found many applauders. Fortunately, how-

ever, this influence did not last long; and the same critics who praised it as sublime, now look upon it with contempt. It might be called the drama of *fatalism*; and its tendency consisted in representing man under the dominion of a dark and mysterious power, which fixed his destiny, and forced him to the performance of good or evil deeds, without any freedom of his own will. This was not the *Fate* of the Greeks, but a mixture of the old superstition with modern bigotry, and tinged with the mysticism of Freemasonry, Rosicrucianism, and the other secret societies. At the head of the dramatists who eagerly seized upon these new materials, stand two men, each remarkable and endowed with great talents, I mean Werner and Müllner.

FRIEDRICH LUDWIG ZACHARIAS WERNER, born in Königsberg, on the 18th of November, 1768; went through his studies in his native town, and was afterwards appointed secretary to the military and domanial chamber at Petrikau, and from thence removed to Warsaw. But he quitted this career, after having been twice unhappy in marriage, and between the years 1806 and 1809, he occupied himself in travelling. It was at Rome, in 1810, that he forsook the religion of his fathers, and became a proselyte to Catholicism. Not content with this change, he was ordained as a Roman Catholic priest, at Aschaffenburg, in 1814, and went to Vienna, where, in the year 1821, he entered the order of the *Redemptorists*, in which he distinguished himself by mystical public sermons. His career was ended by death on the 17th of January 1823. He was undoubtedly a man of real poetical genius, but he wanted taste, clearness, and tranquillity; a gloomy and ill-regulated fancy, which seduced him at last to a dark and sullen mysticism, an insatiable vanity, and a love for all that is eccentric, destroyed in him the blossoms of promise even in their infancy. He tried to raise that mysterious influence of a secret power just alluded to, to the dignity of tragedy, and introduced it under the form of immediate messengers from God, who lead the hero through misfortune and suffering. Man is predestined, and, therefore, deprived of free will; his virtuous endeavours are of no avail with God, and he must do good or evil according to his destiny. Such was his doctrine, and his dramatic works contain nothing else than its working out. They reached their points of culmination in his 'Twenty-fourth of February,' (Der vier und zwanzigste Februar,) a play which is the same in its story as Lillo's 'Fatal Revenge,' with this difference, that in the English drama it is the father who kills his son, impelled by want and avarice, while in Werner's it is the destiny of the whole family to commit a crime on the 24th of February, because they are under the influence of a curse; and on the last of these anniversaries, the father ends this catalogue of guilt by murdering his unfortunate son, who having escaped the massacre of the Swiss guards in the French revolution, comes to him as a stranger. The scene is laid at a solitary inn in Switzerland, actually existing, the innocent landlord of which was for a time exceedingly troubled by curious and sentimental travellers, who came to see the place where the horrible deed had been committed, and who believed him to be the heir, or a relation at least, of Master Kunz Kuruth, the infanticide, who was a pure creation of Werner's.† There are, nevertheless, in this play, as in all of Werner's works,

† It has been said that Goethe was the cause of Werner's writing this play. While the latter was at Weimar, where he converted ladies (and their maids into the bargain,) to his extraordinary doctrines, the former one day said to him, their conversation turning upon what the German stage wanted, "Write a play in which you curse; and another in which you bless." Werner wrote the 'Twenty-fourth of February' only, and would boast himself on having cheated Goethe, because he had only cursed, and not blessed. The play was first brought out at Weimar, under Goethe's superintendence.

poetical beauties of a high order, profound thoughts, and a religious ardour, which deepen our regret that one so highly gifted should wander so far astray. At the end of his life Werner detested all these profane works, and devoted his talents only to religious purposes, pious songs, and sermons, filled with all the fire and smoke of mystical Catholicism. An excellent biography of this remarkable man has been written by Hitzig;‡

Werner's successor, MÜLLNER, acquired likewise a doubtful reputation, not merely as a poet, but, at the same time, as one of the most malicious and biting critics Germany ever possessed. His full name is Amandus [*lucis à non lucendo*] Gottfried Adolph Müllner. Born at Langendorf, near Weissenfels, on the 18th of October, 1774; he received a very good education at the renowned college Schulpforte, and afterwards, from 1793 to 1797, studied the law at Weissenfels. Bürger, who was his uncle, encouraged his inclination for poetry. In 1790 he took up his residence, as a lawyer, at Weissenfels, and lived there to the end of his days. Latterly, however, he gave up his profession, and occupied himself only with poetry and criticism. He died of apoplexy on the 11th of June, 1829.

His tragedy, 'Die Schuld,' (The Guilt,) which, if I mistake not, has been translated into English, made an immense noise on its first appearance; and its author was considered as a new guiding star on the horizon of German dramatic poetry. It is nothing but the last act of a criminal lawsuit, dressed in a poetical garb, written in excellent verse, and (the fault, strangely enough, was overlooked by all contemporary critics,) is totally without action,—the last scene of the last act excepted. The *Fate* which Müllner introduced here, is, as Menzel justly observes, a mere caricature of Werner's Evil Genius. Two other tragedies of the same author, 'Ingurd,' and 'Die Albaneserin,' (The Albanian Lady,) have the same good qualities, and the same defects. But Müllner possessed great genius for comedy, and his works in that style may be considered as the best we have; they are still welcome upon our stage, while his tragedies are only produced if a strolling actor, who thinks that he makes a good figure as one of their heroes, wishes to show himself off. As a critic, Müllner might have acquired a salutary influence over this abused branch of our literature, for he was a man of great learning and ability; but he proved himself to be mean and egotistic, moved only by personal interest and envy. A lover of scandal will find a sufficient feast for his appetite in anecdotes which concern his life, in Müllner's biography, which was written by his worthy friend, Professor Schütz, the younger. There was not one man in all Germany, who, at his death, bewailed him with a "*ave pia anima*," for he was universally hated or feared.

The drama of fatalism very soon disappeared from our stage. A few of our younger poets cultivated it, as, for instance, GRILLPARZER, HOFWALD, PANSE, &c., but they very early forsook it, and their attempts are almost forgotten.

The state of the German stage, and the want of sufficient laws concerning the rights of dramatic authorship, with other private reasons, induced many of our best poets to write dramatic productions which are not adapted to theatrical representation. To this class belong the 'Faust' of Goethe, the dramatic fairy tales of Tieck, La Motte Fouque's 'Sigurd,' Eichendorff's and Menzel's fairy tales, &c. all of which deserve to be highly commended to the reader.

Comedy has not been cultivated with success since the time of KOTZEBUE. Upon this author I need not dwell long, as his works and his dreadful death are sufficiently well known in England. Notwithstanding his vulgarity and shallowness, his works still keep their place

‡ Lebensabriß F. L. Werner's, Berlin, 1822.

on our stage, and the multitude go to see them with pleasure; a proof how low is the present state of our comic drama. We cannot boast of a Molière, a Holberg, or a Sheridan; our best productions of this kind are translations or imitations of foreign models. Some comedies, however, of a higher class have been written by H. von Kleist, Müllner, Contessa, Immermann, Steigentesch. As Kotzebue's best successor, and one who in some points rises above him, we may mention JULIUS VON VOSS, who was no embellisher of vice and folly, like that unfortunate victim of political fanaticism, but showed them in their real light, and presented striking pictures of the spirit of the time to the public; he wrote, however, too much and too fast, so that his works have no claim whatever to be considered as perfect. His best plays are 'Künstler's Erdenwallen,' (The Artist's Earthly Pilgrimage), and 'Die blühende und die verblühte Jungfrau,' (The blooming and the faded Virgin), two bitter, but striking, satires. TÖFFER, another play-wright of some reputation, is not without talent for inventing and directing a dramatic plot, but has no idea of character. CLAUREN, (K. Heun), of whom I shall say more hereafter, amused the pit for some time with rich uncles and poor nephews, bridegrooms from Mexico, with a fortune of some twenty millions, who married modest sempstresses, &c., but has outlived his fame. In general we derive our supplies from Paris, whose fertile theatres supply our manufacturers for the stage with sufficient store, so that every week brings us some new *bluette*, as superficial as its original author, and as dull as its translator. Theodore Hell, (whose real name is Winkler), Angely, Kurländer, &c. &c. are our purveyors, and have, in some respects, made a trade of it.

The Opera was also long neglected, for the book of a German opera was the dullest and flattest thing to be found, till, very lately, some poets of talent as GEHE, F. KIND (the poet of the Freischütz), ROBERT, RAUPACH, HELMINE VON CHEZV, (the authoress of Euryanthe), &c. took it under their protection, and wrote some very good dramas for music.

Epic Poetry has rather been neglected than cultivated amongst us during the last thirty years; at least, all those kinds of epic poetry which are subjected to severe rules of form. There are some reasons why there is no inclination to be found in Germany for the serious Epopee; the principal ones may be, that its time is quite gone by, that it does not please the multitude, and that we have no national form of our own for it, for neither the classic hexameter, nor the romantic stanza, will ever be naturalized among us. The novel has occupied its place. It is our modern national epic poem; and since Klopstock's 'Messiah,' we have no work of this kind to show, which has gained the love of the multitude, though some poets of talent have tried their hands at it. The best production in this style, has been written in the ancient measure, by FRIEDRICH VON SONNENBERG, (born at Münster, on the 5th of September, 1779; he studied the law, and afterwards led a private life in Jena, and killed himself, in a fit of insanity, the 22nd of November, 1805); it is named 'Donaton,' and has the end of the world for its theme. It contains some very beautiful passages; but too irregular a fancy, and a want of distinctness pervade it, so that it is now almost forgotten. ERNST SCHULZE, a young man of great talents, but who died in the flower of his age, was more fortunate. He is the author of two romantic epics, 'Die bezauberte Rose,' (The enchanted Rose,) and 'Cæcilie,' of which the former won the prize in a poetical contention, and is still the favourite of our ladies, especially for the beauty and melody of its verses: when considered with a critical eye, these are nothing more than happy imitations of Italian models. The at-

tempts of LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ, LUISE BRACHMANN, FEUSCHER, EDELT DULLER, BECKSTEIN, ANASTASIUS GRÜN, and some of the younger poets, are more or less worthy of a passing mention, but not of sufficient importance to call for longer notice.

The Poetical Tale has been studied more carefully, and we can boast of many very happy in conception, particularly those of a comic cast. Amongst the poets who cultivated it, FRIEDRICH KIND, STEPHAN SCHÜTZ, and K. G. PRÄTZEL were the most successful. Kind's 'Stieglitz,' (The Goldfinch), is the best poem of the kind that I know in any literature.

But the lustre of our modern poetry shines brightest in the *Novel*. We may regard it as a vase of the most perfect form, into which we have poured all our national spirit and character; it is the truest mirror of our time and its movements. The reader will remember that I have already said how much we were indebted to English models for our former essays in this branch of literature. The holy war opened for it new paths, and made it truly national; but it is our fault to be too much addicted to reflection, and we should never of our unassisted selves have given the novel that universal tendency, which it demands to fill the place of the epic, and to show, as Shakespeare says, "the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." It was reserved for the Great Unknown, to be the teacher, not alone of Germany, but of all Europe. The novels of Sir Walter Scott won the attention of the world, for they represented the connexion of the individual with his time, and showed how all the interests of mankind, present, past, and future, in their different relations, were to be united under a poetical form. We did not merely adopt the historical novel alone, but we united it with other contrivances, whence the novel presently reached once more that height, which it had already occupied during the middle ages; it became, for the second time, the Epopee of the universe in its freest form. Our first poets conceived its importance, and cherished it under this new form. As chiefs in the different styles of novel writing, I must mention L. Tieck, La Motte Fouqué, Steffens, Hoffmann, and Spindler.

TIECK is already known to the reader. I need, therefore, only refer to what I said of him heretofore, and shall proceed to the author of the most beautiful fairy-tale, 'Undine,' that has ever been written in our language. FRIEDRICH, BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ, the descendant of a family of noble French refugees, who settled in Prussia, was born at Brandenburg, on the 12th of February 1777. He entered the Prussian military service very early, took an active part in the campaign of the Rhine, and afterwards passed his life in quiet retirement, till the war of 1813 began. He then served again as lieutenant in the Brandenburg regiment of cuirassiers, till the Prussian army reached the Rhine, when his health forced him to retire from the service, which he did with the rank of major. He has since lived, in succession, at his estate Nennhausen, near Katherau, at Berlin, and Halle, at which last place he still resides. A. W. von Schlegel introduced him first into the poetical world, under the name of Pellegrine, but he presently ceased to require a patron, and, for a long period, was the favourite of the reading world; it is, therefore, the more curious that he has altogether outlived his fame. I will endeavour to show the reason of this.

La Motte Fouqué followed, as a poet, the steps of Tieck, and chose, as subjects for his novels and poems, the heroic traditions of the North and of Germany. Being endowed with originality, vigour, and a rich and glowing imagination, and reproducing in his works time and deeds in themselves interesting, which had the advantage of being entirely new to the reader, he very soon

won the hearts of the multitude. His 'Undine,' his 'Zauberring,' (The Magical Ring,) his 'Thiodolf,' (the hero is an Icelander,) charmed the public; and there was a time when La Motte Fouqué, and only La Motte Fouqué, was a *l'ordre du jour*, and to be found upon the toilets of our ladies, as well as in the studies of our learned men. But when that love of all which belonged to our forefathers, and was true German (or at least believed so), had ceased, Fouqué's glory began to decline, and malignant critics presently discovered, first, that he possessed an insupportable aristocratism of mind, united with all the bigotry which in Germany is peculiar to those of his class; secondly, that he painted those heroic times in a very modern manner, for his knights were idealized Prussian officers, his minstrels sentimental modern poets, his Ritterfräulein affected Berlin ladies, and his horses (for horses play a great part in his novels) more cunning than their riders; and that, thirdly and lastly, he had fallen into an intolerable mannerism in his later works. All these charges are true, but the first fault was the more fatal one; for the spirit of the age had taken the form of open hostility against aristocratic pretensions, and La Motte Fouqué sunk accordingly as low in the esteem of the nation, as he had formerly been exalted. He is nevertheless a real poet, and future generations, which will not concern themselves with the war of political principles now raging, or be influenced by it in critical research, will certainly acknowledge him as such.

HENRIK STEFFENS, a Norwegian by birth, but naturalized in Germany since the year 1804, had gained great fame as a philosopher (of the school of Schelling), and as much censure for his theological controversies, (which degenerated into disagreeable quarrels,) before he entered on a poetical career, in which, too, he proved himself to be a man of distinguished talents. Born at Stavanger, in Norway, on the 2nd of May, 1773; he studied at Helsingör and Copenhagen in 1796, was adjunct of the University of Kiel, made several journeys, and afterwards lived at Copenhagen till he got a Professorship at Halle. The war of 1813 interrupted his studies; he followed the Prussian eagle, as a volunteer, to France, and afterwards resumed his professorship of physics at Breslau, which he had occupied since the year 1811. He has resided at Berlin since the death of Hegel, as professor of philosophy. It was in 1826 that he entered the lists as a novelist with his 'Walseth und Leith,' a series of tales, which form a novel, but each is at the same time complete in itself. They soon attracted the attention of the public, and Steffens was justly proclaimed as one of our best writers of fiction. Two similar works soon followed, 'Die vier Norweger,' (The Four Norwegians,)—his heroes are always Norwegians,—and 'Malcolm': they gave universal satisfaction, and confirmed his well-deserved fame. He aspires at comprehending the entire of human life, with all its natural and psychological phenomena, and at representing the vast results which must arise therefrom. But he is too *subjective*, for he considers as his principal aim the exposition of his own views, sentiments, and experiences; and as all the several parts must necessarily harmonize with the whole, and work upon it, he accumulates situations and events, which his vast fantasy is never tired of creating, till, from this very cause, he entangles his plots; and as he desires rather to be correct in the order of his ideas than in that of the events, he confounds the latter too often, without respect to time, so that it becomes difficult for the reader to follow the thread of his stories. This is certainly wrong, but we can almost excuse it, for the sake of his wonderful imagination, the vivacity and the truth of his pictures, his deep knowledge of man, and his beautiful style. Like a prodigal, he throws about his poetical riches on every side;



but he never grows poor, for his treasures are inexhaustible.

As the faithful imitator of Sir Walter Scott's manner, but, nevertheless, original in himself, appears CHARLES SPINDLER, born, towards the close of the last century, I believe, at Hanau; a poet whose early life was boisterous one: he afterwards retired to Bode-Baden. He has already written more than thirty volumes, and an Annual, filled with stories of his own, in addition, since 1827. He was particularly skilful in adapting the historical novel to the German character, and in representing the tales of old times with their genuine nationality. A thorough knowledge of our history, a rich, and sometimes even luxuriant, imagination, and a vivacity and sincerity of style, give to the greater part of his productions a real and peculiar value. He is very skilful in his national pictures of character, but not so much so in his psychological representations, for he does not know how to explain and to combine the separate motives of action, and proceeds often too abruptly. This is particularly the case in all his descriptions of vicious persons; his knaves are knaves unconditionally, and without one redeeming qualification; and they become so on a sudden, not by degrees. He deals with their crimes in the mass, not in detail, and deprives them thereby of the reader's sympathy and interest, for they must appear unnatural. His restless imagination runs away with him; his vigorous and powerful nature takes too great a delight in the opposition of contrasts, and he, himself, is too much the child, and what is still worse, the spoiled child, of his age. Amongst his productions, 'The Jew,' (Der Jude), 'The Jesuit,' notwithstanding its numerous improbabilities, and 'The Nun of Gnadenzell,' (Die Nonne von Gnadenzell,) are, in my opinion, the best. In his shorter tales he is not so successful, for, in all his fictions, he requires space, and does not know how to concentrate himself.

It were impossible to give in this sketch any minute idea or description of all those authors who have of later years distinguished themselves as novelists. I must, therefore, restrict myself to a simple mention of their names and their best works; it may, at least, serve the reader so far as to draw his attention to them, in case he wishes to make their closer acquaintance. They are:—

In love stories and the domestic novel:—KÄHLER, 'Herrmann von Lübenek'; ERNST WAGNER, 'Isidore,' 'Die reisenden Maler,' (The Travelling Painters); STEPHAN SCHÜTZ, 'Der unsichtbare Prinz,' (The Invisible Prince); HEGNER, 'Die Molkenkur,' (The Course of Whey-drinking); G. SCHILLING, 'Guido von Sohnsdom,' 'Verkümmungen,' (Embitterings); VON STEIGENTESCH, 'Marie,' (an imitation of the famous French novel, 'Les Liaisons dangereuses,' by De la Clos; and yet its very opposite, for its tendency is thoroughly moral, and it is also written in as elegant a style); GEORG DÖRING, 'Das Kunsthaus,' (The Gallery); BAUMGARTEN CRUICK, 'Reise aus dem Herzen in das Herz,' (Journey out of the heart into the heart); 'Die unsichtbare Kirche,' (The Invisible Church); LESSMANN, 'Die Schlittenfahrt,' (The Sledge-journey), &c. &c.; and the ladies—JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER, 'Gabriele,' 'Die Tante,' (The Aunt), 'Sidonie'; CAROLINE DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ, 'Bado von Hohenstein,' 'Feodora'; CAROLINE VON WOLTMANN, 'Marie und Walpurgis,' 'Die Bildhauer,' (The Sculptors); THERESE HUBER, 'Hannah,' 'Ellen Percy'; CAROLINE PICHLER, 'Leonore,' 'Die Nebenbuhler,' (The Rivals), &c. &c.

In the historical novel:—WILHELM ALEXIS, (his real name is Hering), 'Walladmor,' 'Cabanis'; ZSCHOKKE, 'Der Freihof von Artau,' 'Die Prinzessin von Wolfenbüttel,' 'Bronikowsky,' (a series of novels from the history of Poland); W. HAUPT, 'Lichtenstein'; G. DÖRING,

'Sonnenberg'; HERLOSSOHN, 'Der Montenergrünerhäuptling,' (The Chief of the Montenergrines); S. STORCH, 'Kunz von Kauffungen'; L. BECHSTEIN, 'Das tolle Jahr,' (The Wild Year); E. DÜLLER, 'Die Feuertaupe,' (The Fire-baptism), &c. &c.

In smaller novels and tales:—ZSCHOKKE, KIND, HOUWALD, ROCHLITZ, R. L. CONTESSA, VON MILTITZ, HAUFF, BLUMENHAGEN, WYSS, VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, G. DÖRING, L. SCHEFFER, KRUSE, (a Dane by birth), VON GERSTENBERG, W. ALEXIS, VON UNGERN, STERNBERG, &c. &c.; and the ladies—CH. VON AHLEFELD, HENRIETTE HANKE, HELMINE VON CHEZY, FRIEDRIKE LOHMANN, JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER, CAROLINE PICHLER, &c. &c.†

E. S. A. HOFFMANN stands alone and solitary; he has been imitated by very many, but equalled by none. For a time he was eagerly read; but he is now almost, if not entirely, forgotten. He was a singular and whimsical man, endowed with rare talents, but disgusted with the world and with himself. Born at Königsberg, in 1776; he studied the law in his native town, and was afterwards appointed Assessor at the court of justice in Posna; then counsellor of the government at Warsaw. The misfortunes of Prussia after the battle of Jena, and the invasion of Poland by the French, forced him to abandon his charge, and to procure a subsistence by his musical talents, which were of a high order. He accepted, therefore, the place of musical director, first at Bamberg, and then at Dresden, till he returned in 1816 to his old career, and became Counsellor of the *Kammergericht*, in Berlin. His dissolute habits undermined his health; he died of consumption, under great sufferings, at Berlin, on the 24th of July, 1822. His friend, Hitzig, gave us his life in an excellent biography, and authenticating his account by extracts from Hoffmann's own letters, written at different periods.

Hoffmann was a man of a vast, but *bizarre* imagination, which revelled in conceits and oddities; the world he paints is not our world, but a supernatural and extravagant one, whose phenomena amuse, affright, vex, and terrify, often at the same moment, almost always in the same story. He made, as Menzel very justly observes, a compact with the Devil, for introducing him in company with himself into German poetry; for he represents his heroes, and with a sort of secret joy, as always under the influence of an invisible power, whose playing they are; be it madness, melancholy, or the magnetical sympathies or antipathies of nature; and he deprives them of their mental freedom—their power of volition—or their reason, so that we see them in a perpetual struggle of contending passions. It is not to be denied that he manages these situations with a masterly skill, and knows how to attract the reader by their originality and novelty, so that he hurries him on in an everlasting state of excitement through his work, and then leaves him, for he is unable to appease the storm which he has raised. There is a heat of passion within him, which consumes himself, but it is not noble or pure; and, above all, he wants that elevation of mind, which leads man from the conflict with earthly desires, through the purgatory of misfortune, and safely conducts him to the regions of the blessed. The sound sense of our nation, therefore, very soon discovered how unnatural were all the poetical creations of Hoffmann, and the demand for them quickly subsided, so that some years since a proposed collection of his works, begun by his widow and his friend Hitzig, was discontinued, after the appearance of

† It is very remarkable that while we possess such a vast number of authorships in our literature, the greater part of their productions do not rise above mediocrity. We have no Joanna Baillie, no Madame de Staël; and with some exceptions, as Madame Schopenhauer, Caroline von Wolmann, the greater part of our lady-writers are infected with a sickly sentimentality.

the first volume, from its meeting with little encouragement. His first work, 'Phantasietücke in Callot's Manier' (Fantasies in Callot's Manner), is certainly his best. Next to this come 'Die Scorpionsbrüder,' (in more than one point an imitation of Tieck's 'Phantasia') which contains some excellent tales. During the latter period of his life, when he was à l'ordre du jour, and none of our Annuals dared make their appearance without a tale of Hoffmann's as a leading article, he wrote too much, and grew more and more of a mannerist. Amongst his satirical pieces are some of great merit, for he had fine talents for ironical satire; the best production of his in this strain is the strange sufferings of a stage-manager, 'Seltsame Leiden eines Theaterdirectors,' and 'Klein Zaches' (Little Zaches), a very witty and humorous lampoon upon several persons then at Berlin. It is not long since Hoffmann's novels and tales were translated into French, and found a gracious reception amongst the friends of Romanticism, particularly with Jules Janin, who even tried to imitate him, but very superficially, as he had no conception of the deep metaphysical reveries of his model. There is also an English version of his most poetical and most passionate novel, 'Die Elixire des Teufels,' (The Devil's Elixir); I cannot believe that it could meet with permanent success in England. But, notwithstanding all his faults and errors, Hoffmann was a man of great genius, remarkable even in his faults, and worthy of being recommended to such readers as seek for more than the amusement of the moment in their reading, and desire to study an author as well as his books, and to know the man by his works.

The kind of poetry that has been most neglected of late, is the *didactic*, a species of composition which, according to some of our critics—and their objection is not without reason—does not really belong to poetry, but to rhetoric; it is, at least, a hybrid between both. The best work of this kind which we have, and which alone deserves to be mentioned, is 'Die Gesundbrunnen' (The Wells), by NECKEK, but it may rather be called a descriptive, than a didactic poem. The *poetical epistle*, which belongs likewise to this class, has not been cultivated successfully since GÖCKING,—born in 1748, and died in 1828, at his estate at Wartenberg, in Silesia. It is the same with satire, the worshippers of which have, at all times, been very rare in Germany. The political satire has found some friends of late, and amongst these, HEINE and BÜCHNER must be particularized; but, as the diet of Frankfurt-on-the-Mein does not patronize it by arguments which are easily explained, the authors have found readers, but no followers—or, at least, none worth mentioning. The best production in this style which has appeared, is the 'Moderne Zeitwirren' (Modern Confusions of Time), by THEODORE MUNDT, a young man, not without presumption and vanity, but of whom it may be said justly, "*vires acquirit eundo*." I believe his book would, if translated, find many friends in England; perhaps even more than in Germany, because the generality of our readers are devoid of all political education, and take no interest whatever in the subject.

[To be concluded on the 27th inst.]

#### BRIDAL SONG.

Sisters! a Star from our circle is gone,—  
The brightest, the purest of all our fair ring;  
Say—shall we weep for the wandering one,  
Or speed it with blessings wherever it wing?  
Yes—Benedicite! pence be its way,  
Tho' far from the cradle that nurs'd its young  
sphere;  
Our lustre is dimm'd by the loss of its ray,  
But cloud not its going by one dewy tear!  
No—Benedicite!  
Peace to the Star.

Sisters! a Rose from our garden is flown,

The freshest—the dearest of all our parterre;  
But should we sorrow to find it is gone,

To breathe out its sighs on a dearer-loved air?

No! Benedicite! peace to the flow'r,

Tho' far from her sisters of childhood she roam;

Perhaps she may sometimes revisit their bow'r,

And bring back at moments fresh sweets to their  
home!

Yes—Benedicite:  
Peace to the Rose!  
W.

#### PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE MRS. HEMANS. ‡

THERE are few cases in which delicacy and feeling are more entirely tested, than when the surviving friends of those who were gifted and celebrated while on earth, are called upon to determine in what time and in what measure some account may be offered to the public of their personal history and private character. Such, at least, is my feeling, in attempting to collect my remembrances of my deceased friend, Mrs. Hemans. I am afraid of saying too much, lest I be thought premature and unfeeling, in thus minutely dwelling upon the manners and habits of one scarcely cold in her grave. I am afraid of saying too little, lest those who knew her less, should think it requisite to complete the picture, by additions which bear little resemblance to the original. Had I merely consulted my own inclinations, the following notices would have been deferred for some time; for who is there that can turn over the pages of his memory to seek for relics and memorials of those who have recently passed away, without a feeling of deep sadness, and an equally strong disinclination to produce such feelings to the gaze and criticism of the public?

When I first became acquainted with Mrs. Hemans, her fame was at its brightest, and her lyrics published in the different periodicals—her 'Forest Sanctuary,' and above all her 'Records of Woman,' (probably from the happy choice of its subject) had not only raised her name high in the estimation of all classes of readers, but had excited considerable curiosity, and I really believe genuine interest, as to the person and fortunes of the writer. She was, however, unknown, save to a small and select circle of friends—some spoke of her as an old and experienced verse-wright, some, remembering her juvenile poems, and forgetting that Time had since been at work for some fifteen years or more, described her as still very young and very beautiful—she was almost canonized by the serious; her claim to something more than the ephemeral reputation of a young lady writer, was admitted by stern critics; in short, within two years,—dating from the publication of her 'Siege of Valencia,'—she had taken a permanent place in the republic of letters; and it was natural that the world, always preferring the peep behind the curtain, to the finest acted nature before it, should express great anxiety and solicitude to know "what she was like."

At this time, then, the death of her mother, and the marriage of her sister, were the cause of Mrs. Hemans breaking up her establishment in Wales, and taking up her residence at Waver-tree, a pleasant village about three miles from Liverpool. She had made choice of this situation, in the idea that it afforded advantages of education for her sons, and cultivated society for herself. But the mistake she made in thus

‡ Perhaps this is the proper place to advert to a correction of a fact in our obituary notice of Mrs. Hemans, which has appeared, it is said, *on authority*, in the *Liverpool Standard*. She is there stated to have been born in Duke Street, and not in St. Anne Street. As an exact fact thus published, we can have no hesitation in submitting to correction. The same paragraph, however, contains a notice of her domestic life, equally ill-considered and incorrect: it is a wrong, both to the dead and the living, to misstate occurrences, about which there can be no mistake.

choosing, was a great one: Liverpool was then singularly deficient in good schools, and its society was too much broken up into small circles, too completely under the dominion of a money aristocracy, to offer much that was congenial to her own tastes and pursuits. She was too imaginative and fanciful to be thoroughly understood by that party to which Roscoe and Currie had formerly belonged; they found that the brilliant things which she threw out, the spontaneous overflowings of her peculiar mind, "proved nothing;" and they did not perceive the elevation of thought, and the frequent religious feeling which also formed a part of her character. The less intelligent, who discovered that she did not enjoy dinners, balls, and concerts after their fashion—and there is no code so arbitrary as the statute of manners in a provincial town—who remarked one or two singularities in her dress, and were frightened by her allusions to things and feelings of which they knew nothing, kept aloof from her, with suspicion and uneasiness.

I mention these things, neither in reproach nor derision:—they are the natural and inevitable conditions of a society so constituted as the society of Liverpool,—but simply as accounting for the manner in which Mrs. Hemans held herself in comparative retirement, and confined her intercourse (willingly given) to a very few. She had never learned the feignings and prettinesses of the world's manners; nor, on the other hand, did she find it agreeable always to sit upon her throne, as it were, with her book of magic upon her knee, and her conjuring wand in her outstretched arm. Her humour was sprightly and searching, as well as original: she could talk delicious nonsense, as well as inspired sense; and the utilitarian and the serious, who would fain have had a moral placard and paraded upon every chance phrase of conversation, "wondered, and went their way." At this time, she was sought out in her retreat by every species of literary homage, from every corner of England and America; gifts, offers of service, letters of introduction crowded upon her:—literary engagements were pressed upon her, from the divinity treatise to the fairy tale, which she simply evaded by pursuing her own way; and yet she was never so delightful, never so happy as when she could come in, like an inmate, to the firesides of the few who understood her—at times making most pleasant merriment of the *notorieties* of her lot; at times, when graver subjects were touched upon, rising to a lofty and glowing eloquence, which I have seldom heard reached, certainly never surpassed.

The house which Mrs. Hemans occupied was too small to deserve the name; the third of a cluster or row close to a dusty road,—and yet too *townish* in appearance and situation to be called a cottage. It was set in a small court, and within was gloomy and comfortless; its parlours being little larger than closets; and yet she threw something of her own spirit round her, even in so unpromising an abode,—and with her books, and her harp, and the flowers which sometimes half filled her little rooms, they presently assumed a habitable, almost an elegant appearance. Sometimes, indeed, the scene was varied, by odd presents, literary and others. I remember once paying her a visit, when a persevering writer, personally unknown to her, had sent her a hundred sonnets, printed on separate slips of paper, for inspection and approval; these had not yet been consigned to the "chaos drawer," as she used to call it, from which many a precious piece of folly and flattery might have been disinterred for the amusement of the public; and as the day was windy, and the window chanced to be open, this century of choice things was flying hither and thither, much to our amusement—a miniature snow storm, chased by her boys with as much glee as if they had been butterfly hunt-

ing. Scarcely had she settled herself at Waver-tree, than she was besieged by visitors, to a number positively bewildering; a more heterogeneous company cannot be imagined. Many came merely to stare at the strange poetess,—others to pay proper neighbourly morning calls, and these were surprised to find that she was not ready with an answer, when the talk was of house-keeping and like matters. Others, and these were the worst, brought in their hands small cargoes of cut-and-dry compliment, and as she used to declare, had primed themselves for their visit, by *getting up* a certain number of her poems. Small satisfaction had they in their visits; they found a lady, neither short nor tall; though far from middle age, no longer youthful or beautiful in her appearance, (her hair, however, of the true auburn tinge, was as silken, and as profuse and curling as it had ever been); with manners quiet and refined, a little reserved and uncommunicative, one too, who lent no ear to the news of the day—

Who gave the ball, and paid the visit last.

The ladies, however, when they went away, had to tell: that her room was in a sad litter with books and papers, that the strings of her harp were half of them broken, and that she wore a veil on her head like no one else." Nor did the gentlemen make much way by their Della Cruscan admiration; in fact, the stock of compliment, once being exhausted, there remained nothing to be said on either side: though there were none more frankly delighted, or more keenly sensible of the *genuine* pleasure she gave by her writings than Mrs. Hemans. Her works were a part of herself, herself of them; and those who enjoyed and *understood* the one, enjoyed and understood the other, and made their way at once to her heart. I must not forget to allude to what Charles Lamb calls the "albumean persecution" which she was called upon to endure. People not only brought their own books, but those of "my sister and my sister's child," all anxious to have something written on purpose for themselves. One gentleman, a total stranger to her, beset her before (as the housewives say) "she was fairly settled," with a huge virgin folio splendidly bound: which he had bought on purpose "that she might open it with one of her exquisite poems." On the whole, she bore her honours meekly, and for a while, in the natural kindness of her heart, gave way to the current, wishing to oblige every one. Sometimes, however, her sense of the whimsical would break out; sometimes it was provoked by the thorough-going and coarse perseverance of the intrusions, against which it was difficult to guard. What could be done with persons who called thrice in one morning, and refused to take their final departure till they were told "when Mrs. Hemans *would* be at home?" It was on one of these occasions, that she commissioned a friend of hers, in a lively note, to procure her "a dragon to be kept in her court-yard." At another time (and that I well remember was a flagrant case,) her vexation worked itself off in a no less cheerful manner:—

"They had an album with them, absolutely an album! You had scarcely left me to my fate—oh! how you laughed the moment you were set free!—when the little woman with the inquisitorial eyes, informed me that the tall woman with the superior understanding—Heaven save the mark!—was *ambitious* of possessing my autograph—and out 'leaped in lightning forth'—the album. A most evangelical and edifying book it is truly, so I, out of pure spleen, mean to insert in it something as strongly savouring of the Pagan miscellany as I dare. Oh! the 'pleasures of fame!' Oh! that I were but a little girl in the top of the elm tree again! Your much enduring F. H."

I cannot give this, and the following fragments selected from a mass of correspondence, with

the different members of a family circle, without simply desiring the reader to remember that all of them were notes written—for such was her nature—from the impulse of the moment, during a period of unbroken intercourse and confidence. The graver as well as the gayer passages they contain, are so entirely characteristic, that I have not thought it right to withhold them altogether: though some may be so wound up with the less important personal interests and feelings of those whom she addressed, as not to be separable from them. All that was possible, however, has been detached, and, in so doing, I have sacrificed, with regret, much that is brilliant and striking, and speaks of and to the heart.

Besides all these home troubles, were the visits of strangers, not "angels visits, few and far between"—from east and west, and north and south, they came—not a few from America. The admiration entertained by the Americans for her genius, is as sincere as it is creditable to themselves. I remember seeing a beautiful girl from New York town, quite pale with excitement, at the thoughts of being presented to the poetess. "Her friends at home," she said, "would think so much of her, if she could only say she had seen Mrs. Hemans." Another lady, of stouter fibre, also from across the Atlantic, came sturdily upon her, with a box full of family portraits in her hand, and a mouth full of the oddest protestations of regard possible, and, on taking leave of Mrs. Hemans, remonstrated with her on the melancholy tone of her poetry in general, and entreated to be allowed to introduce a friend of her own, whom she might lean upon "as a perfect walking-stick of friendship," under which happy support, she prophesied that her verses would presently become cheerful—and the gentleman was "long, and lank, and brown," and suitable to the simile. These were mere acquaintances of the hour; but, among her visitors from far-away places, came friends too, and when I remember the evenings I have passed in her little parlour, with herself, and Miss Jewsbury, (alas! too early called away!) and Mary Howitt, and Dr. Bowring, and others, I cannot but regret that I have no more specific record of the conversation, which was struck out in this encounter of minds of no common order. It was varied and sparkling, and suggestive beyond most that I have since heard. The two following notes refer to this period—the second to a cruel murder perpetrated upon that fine but most extravagant poem of Shelley's, 'Mary Anne's Dream,' which a gentleman had insisted upon reading aloud, much in "Erles' vein":—

"Thank you for your very kind note: I was much better when it arrived, but did not feel the less gratified by all the cordial kindness of its expressions. My complaint is, indeed, most pertinacious, if not hopeless, as I am assured, and indeed convinced, that it is caused by excitements, from which, unless I could win "the wings of a dove and flee away" into a calmer atmosphere, I have no chance of escaping. I have, therefore, only to meet it as cheerily as I may—and there is a buoyant spirit yet unconquered, though often sorely shaken, within me.

"Do you know that I have really succeeded in giving something of beauty to the suburban court of my dwelling, by the aid of the laburnums and rhododendrons, which I planted myself, and which I want you to see whilst they are so amiably flowering. But how soon the feeling of home throws light and loveliness over the most uninteresting spot. I am beginning to draw that feeling around me here, and consequently to be happier.

"Did you ever see a letter with a *symphony*? I call the enclosed one of that class. After many and long wanderings, it reached me this morning with that awful Titanic poem, the —; the sight of which really renews all the terrors of 'Charlemagne.' The opening of Mr. —'s

letter strikes me as being so very original, that I send it for your edification."

"I fear you were very unwell the other evening, or did you run away so early, to escape the infliction of another 'Dream'? I was quite afraid of looking at you, lest I should have laughed. I had such a levee yesterday morning, I was much inclined to run away from them all, as from the Bishop and Dean, and sofa-table, and Chinese puzzles of old. — and — called upon me—what a *butyraceous* looking pair they are! Something was said of Montgomery's 'Pelican Island,' and with your comparison of the *penguin*, and my Welsh recollections full in my head, I had the narrowest escape possible of calling it 'Puffin Island.' How do poets contrive to grow so fat? I suppose it is only translators who can do so, and what the country-people call 'nice quiet gentlemen' poets. However, I liked them both, they looked so extremely comfortable. \* \* \* I send you the Moravian air, and this is the old Swedish tradition of which I was speaking to you last night, when the public entered and interrupted me. There is a dark lake somewhere among the Swedish mountains—and in the lake there is an island of pines—and on the island an old castle—and there is a spirit harper, who lives far down in the lake, and when any evil is going to befall the inhabitants of the castle, he rises to the surface, and plays a most mournful ditty on the shadowy harp, and they know that it is a music of warning. I met with it in 'Olaus Magnus,' such a strange wild old book; did you ever read it?"

These last notes are further interesting, as showing what may be well called "the rainbow hue" of the poet's mind, how near to each other dwell its livelier and its deeper feelings. But the world in general is singularly unwilling to admit this double power; and I have often thought that a fear of its censure and remark, narrowed the class of subject to which Mrs. Hemans confined herself—though again it may be said, that she never wrote save in earnest, and that the lonely and pervading thoughts of her mind, (I speak of it in a state of comparative calmness—there were times when they were of a much sadder hue,) were of that lofty, and noble, and chivalresque character, which speaks out in her poetry: something of this will be seen in further selections from her letters, which I shall give.

It was during Mrs. Hemans's residence at Wavertree, that she paid two long visits to Scotland, and a third to the Lakes. Perhaps the time she spent in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, was the most public part of her life—the sensation of curiosity she excited among the circles of "modern Athens," was great—and the attention lavished on her must, some of it, have been hard to bear with a grave face. One lady pursued her in the Castle garden, and introduced herself, "as having discovered her to be Mrs. Hemans by a secret sympathy, which assured her that she could not be mistaken"—one, herself a writer of no inconsiderable fame, desired to know, "whether a bat might be allowed to appear in the presence of a nightingale." These anecdotes are gathered from eye-witnesses—but a part of her Scotch journey will be best told in one or two of her own letters:—

Chiefswood, July, Tuesday morning.

"Whether I shall return to you all "brighter and happier" as your letter so kindly prophesies, I know not; but I think there is every prospect of my returning more fitful and wilful than ever; for here I am leading my own free native life of the hills again, and if I could but bring some of my friends, as the old ballad says, 'near, near, near me,' I should, indeed, enjoy it—but that strange solitary feeling which I cannot chase away, comes over me too often like a dark sudden shadow, bringing with it an utter indifference to all things around. I lose it most fre-

quently, however, in the excitement of Sir Walter Scott's society, and with him I am now in constant intercourse, taking long walks over moor and woodland, and listening to song and legend of other times, till my mind forgets itself, and is carried wholly back to the days of the Slogan and the fiery Cross, and the wild gatherings of Border chivalry. I cannot say enough of his cordial kindness to me; it makes me feel, when at Abbotsford, as if the stately rooms of that ancestral-looking place, were old familiar scenes to me. Yesterday he made a party to show me 'the pleasant banks of Yarrow,' about ten miles from hence; I went with him in an open carriage, and the day was lovely, smiling upon us with a *real blue* sunny sky, and we passed through I know not how many storied spots, and the spirit of the master-mind seemed to call up sudden pictures from every knoll and cairn as we went by, so vivid were his descriptions of the things that had been. The names of some of these scenes, had, to be sure, rather savage sounds; such as 'Slain Man's Lea,' 'Dead Man's Pool,' &c.; but, I do not know whether these strange titles did not throw a deeper interest over woods and waters, now so brightly peaceful—we passed one meadow on which Sir Walter's grandfather had been killed in a duel.—'Had it been a century earlier,' said he, 'a bloody feud would have been transmitted to me, as Spaniards bequeath a game of chess to be finished by their children,'—and I do think, that had he lived in those earlier days, no man would have more enjoyed what Sir Lucius O'Trigger is pleased to call 'a pretty quarrel.' The whole expression of his benevolent countenance changes, if he has but to speak of the dirk or the claymore; you see the spirit that would 'say amidst the trumpets, ha! ha!' suddenly flashing from his grey eyes, and sometimes, in repeating a verse of warlike minstrelsy, he will spring up as if he caught the sound of a distant gathering cry.

"But I am forgetting beautiful Yarrow, along the banks of which, we walked through the Duke of Buccleugh's grounds, under old, rich, patrician-looking trees; and at every turn of our path, the mountain stream seemed to assume a new character, sometimes lying under steep banks, in dark transparency, and sometimes

Crested with tawny foam,

Like the mane of a chesnut steed.

And there was Sir Walter beside me, repeating, with a tone of feeling as deep as if then only first wakened—

They sought him east—they sought him west,

They sought him far with wail and sorrow;

There was nothing seen but the coming night.

There was nothing heard but the roar of Yarrow.

It was all like a dream. Do you remember Wordsworth's poem, 'Yarrow visited'? I was ready to exclaim in its opening words, 'And is this Yarrow?' There was nothing to disturb the deep and often solemn loveliness of the scenery: no *rose-coloured spencer*, such as persecuted the unhappy Count Forbin amidst the Pyramids—Mr. Hamilton, and Mrs. Lockhart, and the boys who followed us, were our whole party; and the sight of shepherds—real, and not Arcadian shepherds,—sleeping under their plaids, to shelter from the noon-day, carried me at once into the heart of a pastoral and mountain country. We visited Newark Tower, where, amongst other objects that waken many thoughts, I found the name of Mungo Park, (who was a native of the Yarrow vale,) which he had inscribed himself shortly before leaving his own bright river, never to return. We came back to Abbotsford, where we were to pass the remainder of the day, partly along the Ettrick, and partly through the Tweed: on the way, we were talking of trees—in his love for which, Sir Walter is a perfect Evelyn. I mentioned to him what I once spoke of to you, the different sounds they give forth to the wind, which he had observed; and he asked me, if I



did not think that an union of music with song, varying in measure and expression, might in some degree imitate, or represent, those 'voices of the trees.' He described to me some Highland music of a similar imitative character, called the 'Notes of the Sea Birds'—barbaric notes truly they must be. In the evening, we had a great deal of music; he is particularly fond of national airs, and I played him many, for which, I wish you could have heard how kindly and gracefully he thanked me. But, O! the bright swords! I must not forget to tell you how I sat, like Minna in the 'Pirate,' (though she stood or moved, I believe,) the very 'Queen of Swords.' I have the strangest love for the flash of glittering steel, and Sir Walter brought out, I know not how many gallant blades to show me; one which had fought at Killcrankie, and one which had belonged to the young Prince Henry, James the First's son, and one which looked of as noble race and temper as that with which Cœur de Lion severed the block of steel in Saladin's tent. What a number of things I have yet to tell you. I feel sure, that my greatest pleasure from all these objects of interest, will arise from talking them over with you when I return. I hope you have received my letter with an account of the Rhymer's Glen, and the little drawing of Chiefswood, for which I now send you a pendant in one of Abbotsford, which is at least recommended by its fidelity."

"I do not mean you to complain any more of 'more packets,' without any note for you—and though notes can convey but a very imperfect idea of all the varied and rapid impressions which my mind is now receiving, still I constantly feel a desire of communicating them to you all, which prompts me to write. I do not think I have yet mentioned to any of you, my having become acquainted with the Dominie—the veritable Dominie Sampson, being no other than a clergyman of this neighbourhood, a tall flat-like man, with long, innocent-looking parted hair, and a wooden leg: he is known to you all, that the Dominie professeth the most profound admiration for me—after the solemn expression of which, you may be well assured, that all other homage must be 'flat and unprofitable.' Imagine me seated in the moonlight of a few nights ago, on the very highest pinnacle of Melrose, attainable by human step, sitting *silently*, of course, for the spirit of the scene had very deeply impressed me; then imagine a sound of tramp—tramp—tramp—somewhat like that announcing the appearance of the statue in Don Giovanni—and lo! the Dominie sallying forth from a sort of loop-hole, and very nearly throwing himself and his wooden leg at my feet, and commencing thus profoundly—"Madam! fortunate man may I esteem myself, in being permitted thus to feel the inspiration of your presence at such an hour." You may furthermore imagine, how quickly the tide of feeling turned—and how difficult it was for Mr. Hamilton and myself, to accomplish a safe descent amidst all our laughter—and how provoking to be *forced* into laughter amidst Melrose ruins, and by moonlight, and within the sound of the Tweed. You will be pleased, I am sure, to think of all the delightful recollections I shall carry away from the constant intercourse I am now enjoying with Sir Walter Scott. On Saturday next, I go for some days to Abbotsford, where I now feel quite at home, and where Charles and Henry run in and out like children of the soil. I have marked all the music in my books, which Sir Walter particularly enjoys. The 'Rhine Song,' is one of his very great favourites, and a 'Cancionella Española' another; and of the 'Captive Knight,' he is never weary. Mrs. Lockhart sings her native ballads in a very peculiar and spirit-stirring manner to the harp. I scarcely know whether you would enjoy music of so rude

a character, but it has much effect amidst all the warlike associations of the scene."

I shall return to my subject again shortly, with further extracts from the same series of letters.

H. F. C.

#### SHAKSPEARE'S MONUMENT AT STRATFORD.

We take advantage of the interest which must be excited by the publication of Mr. Collier's interesting volume, to direct the attention of our readers to the following extracts from a circular lately issued by the Shakspeare Club, and referred to a few weeks since in this Paper.

"The members of the Shakspearean Club of Stratford-upon-Avon have long beheld with regret the disfigurement of the bust and monument of Shakspeare, and the neglected condition of the interior of the Chancel which contains both that monument and his grave.

"The monument erected to Shakspeare by his family a few years after his death, representing the poet with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left leaning on a scroll, was originally coloured to resemble life; but was thickly covered over with white paint in the year 1793, at the instigation of Mr. Malone. The pen was long since detached by some visitor, and a recent attempt was made to abstract one of the fingers of the bust, which was actually broken off, but recovered and replaced. The removal of the coating of white paint, and the renewal of the original colours of the monument, are supposed to be practicable without the chance of injury to the original work.

"Near the grave of Shakspeare lie interred the bodies of Anne his wife; of Susannah his eldest daughter, and her husband Dr. John Hall; of Thomas Nashe, Esq. the husband of Elizabeth, the daughter of Dr. John Hall and Susannah his wife; (Elizabeth having afterwards married Sir J. Barnard, of Abington, near Northampton, and being there buried). The inscriptions on some of the grave-stones of these members of the poet's family, the stones being on the floor of the chancel, are partly obliterated; and an epitaph, commemorating the excellencies of Shakspeare's favourite daughter, was either worn out or purposely effaced in 1707, and another inscription engraved on the same stone, for a person unconnected with the family of Shakspeare.

"The respect due to the memory of Shakspeare, the loss of almost every personal relic of him, the demolition of his house, the destruction of his traditionary mulberry tree, and the alteration and removal of the greater part of his father's residence, concur to make the members of the Shakspearean Club most anxious to preserve everything connected with his mortal remains from further disrespect."

In furtherance of these views it is proposed to raise a fund by voluntary donations, not exceeding one pound each, to be expended by a committee, already named by the members of the club, in taking effectual measures to preserve the monument of Shakspeare from all future injury; and, if practicable, to restore its original colours, and those on the full length figure of John Combe, the friend of Shakspeare, and buried near him, and whose monument is similarly deformed. Further, should the funds admit of it, to restore the ancient roof, and painted windows of the chancel; to clear the walls of unnecessary white-wash, and to secure the foundations.

If practicable, a portion of the money obtained will be vested in public securities, the yearly interest to be applied to the *perpetual* preservation of the chancel and especially of Shakspeare's tomb, and in case of a sufficient amount being subscribed, the Committee would extend their care to the preservation of the house in which Shakspeare's father resided, in Henley Street, the presumed birth-place of Shakspeare;

and to the house still remaining at Shottery, near Stratford, which was the residence of Anne Hathaway, afterwards the wife of Shakspeare; and even to the purchase of the site of New Place, the house in which Shakspeare passed the last three years of his life, and in which he died;—a spot which, being yet unencroached upon, they are most desirous of guarding from new erections, and consecrating to the memory of him whose name has rendered it in their estimation hallowed ground.

We need only add, that donations will be received by Messrs. Smith, Payne & Co. Bankers, London: and that a book is prepared by the Committee, in which the names and places of abode of the donors will be carefully preserved. This register, it is observed, will for ever remain a gratifying proof of the general interest excited, in the 19th century, by a proposal to do late honour to the only mortal remains of one whose works have cast an un fading glory over the literature of England.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Magazines for the month are less varied and brilliant than usual. One or two happy things, however, we must mention. Mary Howitt's delightful fairy ballad in *Tait* is worth the price of the number twice over: it is in a vein (no discredit to Hogg or other of our bards, who are skilled in the mysteries of Elf-land), which is entirely her own. The number also contains some fine and faithful translations from Burger; one of these, a new version of that incomparable ballad, the 'Lenore.' Gilbert Gurney goes merrily on in the *New Monthly*: there is nothing, however, in his experiences for the month equal to the broad fun of Lady Wolverhampton's *fête* in the May number. 'Sir Matthew Meddle' is one of Poole's lively and carefully-finished sketches: the 'Red Man' is too much in the horrible style for our tastes. *Blackwood* is not so good as usual, but is varied and readable: the papers on Pitt are continued—the 'Cruise of the Midge' brought to a close. There is also a pleasant article of extract from M. de Lamartine's 'Travels in the Holy Land'—an interesting biographical sketch of Alexander Farnese—and a poem by Miss Bowles, which is full of feeling and tenderness. Nor is *Fraser* quite up to its usual average. We enjoyed the paper on Wordsworth's last volume, and laughed over the 'Return from Leave,' a clever, rattling, Irish sketch; but we must confess that the 'Chapter of Accidents' puzzled us like a riddle. As to the attack on Mr. Watts, we shall not say one word on the subject: that gentleman, as we are informed, having removed the question out of our jurisdiction and into Westminster Hall.

The annual distribution of the prizes given by the Society of Arts, took place on Monday—Sir Edward Coddington filling the chair in the absence of the Duke of Sussex. We were only present at the conclusion of the meeting, but were pleased with the frank and kindly manner in which he fulfilled the duties of his office. We were pleased, too, among other prizes given for successful drawings and copies, to see our young friend, Mr. A. Picken, carry a medal away, for his lithograph of the Burning of the Houses.

The second Horticultural *fête* for the season, which took place this day week, was as brilliant as a glorious Midsummer day and a numerous attendance of gaily-dressed guests could make it. The flowers and fruits, too, (the last a tantalizing show,) which were exhibited, were very beautiful; some of the Calceolarias were quite new to us, and the display of geraniums and other brightly-coloured flowers, were such as almost to make the eye ache! For our own taste, there was too much of a crowd—there is something, after all, more fashionable than natural, in being jostled,

upon green grass, and among shrubs, and trees, by beaux and belles—but we may be peculiar in our fancies, and, certainly, the day went over most pleasantly. Thinking of our promenade there, reminds us of the rumour we see abroad, that the Colosseum is going to be converted into a new Ranelagh—all its present objects of attraction are to be retained, and new ones added. We fear that its situation is too far out of the way to make the scheme a popular one: it remains, too, to be tried, whether the taste for this species of amusement did not pass away with the Pompadour-coloured coats and powdered heads of our grandfathers. But the name of the thing has a charm for us; only fancy Horace Walpole and the Chutes, and the Gunnings, in the African Glen, or shooting their witticisms at the "splendid new scenery"!

Besides the subjects of our regular musical notices, there are an infinity of smaller matters connected with the art, with which it is next to impossible to keep pace. Every concert bill offers us the attraction of some new performer, or brings us again some old acquaintance—for instance, we were startled the other day, and carried back to the times of Catalani, by seeing the name of Signora Corri Paltoni, in a concert scheme. We do not believe that London was ever fuller of artists than at the present moment; singers may be bought by the dozen, and yet the principal ones, we are told, are, of necessity, refusing engagements; and every conceivable instrument, from the Ophicleide to the Jew's harp, has its concerto player. We must, however, particularly mention M. Lewy's new invention, by means of which the horn is made capable of executing chromatic passages in a superior manner; and the clumsy contrivance of crooks dispensed with. It is a great point gained.

Among what may be called the *minor* music of the week, we may mention Mr. Holmes's Concert, which took place on Thursday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and went off much to the satisfaction of a large audience. The stars who appeared, were Grisi and Stockhausen, the rest of the performers chiefly members of the Royal Academy of Music; and in the part of the first act, which we heard, the *beneficari* played the *allegro* of a new concerto, composed by himself, with great spirit and execution, for both of which the piece gave ample scope. We were pleased, too, with the singing of Miss Gooch, and Mr. Shrivall, in Jackson's sweet old canzonet, 'Love in thine eyes.'

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

We are somewhat in arrear with our reports, but, in truth, the proceedings of the Society have not had much public interest until the latter meetings.

April 9.—A seal was exhibited of the time of James II., which had been found near St. Germans, and is a copy of that of the Mayoralty of London. Mr. Newman also exhibited a bronze head lately found in the Thames, and which was generally considered to have been part of a bust of Hadrian. Mr. Cressy communicated a paper 'On the Architectural Remains of Aynesford Castle, in Kent.'

April 23.—At this, the Anniversary Meeting, the annual election took place, when all the officers were re-chosen.

April 30.—The report of the auditors was read, and a paper, by Mr. Stapleton, 'On the Wardrobe Accounts of Edward the Second,' concluded.

May 7.—Two small sepulchral stones, found at Hartlepool, were exhibited; also an ancient British sword, lately found in the Thames, in excellent preservation; and sketches of ancient

head-dresses copied from ancient manuscripts and monuments, by Mr. Repton.

May 14.—A Roman millstone, found near a Roman station, in the parish of Anstey, in Herts, and a Roman speculum, found at Coddenham, in Suffolk, were exhibited; also some Roman coins, by Mr. Doubleday, in proof that the figure of Britannia, on our coins, was copied from one on the coins of Antoninus Pius; and drawings, or rather *rubbings*, from monuments in Lacock Abbey.

May 21.—Mr. Stapleton communicated a paper tending to show, from the charters of the Abbey of St. Martin d'Auchy, that the wife of Odo, Count of Champagne, was the niece, and not the sister, of the conqueror, as heretofore supposed.

May 28.—The attention of the Society was engaged by a communication from Mr. Sydney Smirke, concerning some interesting discoveries he had made, while engaged in directing the works in progress in Westminster Hall. Much of the original construction, of the time of the kings of the Norman dynasty, remained encased by works erected, apparently to repair the former, in the walls of the edifice. Mr. Smirke found a sort of intermural corridor, or species of *triforium*, he calls it, running round the hall. This was of the Norman period, and it was filled in with rubbish when the repairs were made in the fourteenth century, but not obliterated. Mr. Smirke exhibited several interesting drawings illustrative of his descriptions, and showing the almost reckless manner in which the decorative materials of the earlier period were cut away to admit those of the time at which the reparations were made.

June 4.—A more than usually full attendance was induced this evening, by the expected display of the contents of a Roman sepulchre, which was opened on the 11th of April last, at Great Barklow, in Cambridgeshire, upon the estate of Lord Viscount Maynard, in the presence of a large company, and under the direction of Mr. Gage. There are several barrows at Barklow, and the excavation was made in the largest of them. A long corridor, or passage, having niches in its sides, was opened up to a chamber in a recess at the further extremity. In this latter, was found deposited a wooden chest, of which the substance was decayed but the form was preserved, and, within the chest, was a strange collection of various articles. Of these, the principal was a large glass-handled vase, or square bottle, about fifteen inches in height, almost filled with bones which have been ascertained to be those of a young human subject, but whether male or female cannot be ascertained. Other smaller glass vessels, of various forms and capacities, were filled with oleaginous or fatty fluids, portions of which have been analyzed by Mr. Faraday, whose report was embodied in Mr. Gage's paper. A large bowl, and several smaller bronze vessels, some of which are elegantly formed and beautifully ornamented, a massive bronze lamp, enriched by a finely executed and displayed vine leaf, and appearing to contain the remains of the wick and oil with which it was furnished, two strigils, and two iron frames pivoted together, and finished at the upper extremities with bronze knobs, and appearing together something like the frame of a camp-stool, completed the contents of this singular deposit.

Mr. Gage considers the evidence afforded by this discovery, of value in determining that these, and similar barrows which have been considered of Celtic and Danish origin, are purely Roman. That the exhumated utensils are Roman, is quite clear; but, it is not a little strange, that the plan of the excavated barrow should correspond, as it does, with that of the well-known tomb of Agamemnon, at Mycenæ, and with that of an equally singular monument at New Grange, in Ireland.

When Sir H. Ellis concluded the reading of Mr. Gage's communication, the ordinary decorum of the Society of Antiquaries was broken in upon by an unusual demonstration of applause!

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

[Abstract of Papers read at former meetings, continued from p. 416.]

"An Experimental Inquiry into the Cause of the grave and acute Tones of the Human Voice. By John Bishop, Esq. Communicated by P. M. Roget, M.D., Secretary to the Royal Society.

"The author considers all the theories hitherto proposed respecting the functions of the organs of the human voice, as not only unsatisfactory, but as being founded on erroneous views. He shows that the modulation of the tones of the voice is not the result of variations either exclusively in the length or in the tension of the vocal chords, or in the size of the aperture of the glottis, or in the velocity or in the temperature imparted to the air in its transit through these passages. He regards the organs of the voice as combining the properties of wind and stringed musical instruments; and shows, first, that for the production of any musical tone it is necessary that the vocal chords should previously be made mutually to approximate; and, secondly, that the muscular forces acting on the arytenoid cartilages and vocal chords are adequate not only to resist the pressure of the column of air issuing from the lungs, but also to render either the whole or certain portions of the vocal chords susceptible of vibration when traversed by the current of expired air. In proportion as these parts of the vocal chords, thus rendered vibratory, increase in length, the number of their vibrations, performed in a given time, diminishes, and the tone of the sound emitted, becomes, in consequence, more grave; and, conversely, the tone is more acute as the vibrating portions of the chord are shorter: these phenomena being precisely analogous to those which take place in stringed musical instruments.

"The author concludes his paper with some observations on the comparative physiology of the voice; and on the extensive range and superior excellence of this faculty in man."

"A new Method of discovering the Equations of Caustics. By G. H. S. Johnson, M.A., Tutor of Queen's College, Oxford. Communicated by the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S.

"Peculiar difficulty has hitherto attended the determination of the equation of the curve formed by the perpetual intersection of rays, which, diverging from a luminous point, are reflected by a polished surface of a given curvature. Curves of this description have been denominated caustics; and the method usually employed to discover their polar equations, or the relation between the radius vector of any point of the curve and the tangent at that point, is both long and inelegant, and is considered by the author as involving considerable inaccuracy of reasoning. He proposes, therefore, to substitute a new method of investigation, by taking the polar equation of one of the reflected rays, and differentiating this equation with respect to the arbitrary quantities solely which determine its position, and thus obtaining the polar co-ordinates of the point of intersection of two consecutive lines; and finally, by elimination, the equation of the curve in which all such points are found. He is thus led to results remarkable for their simplicity, elegance, and generality: and he gives particular applications of his method, exemplifying the facility with which it effects the solution of problems extremely difficult of management by the ordinary methods hitherto employed. His method is also applicable to the determination of the equations of the evolutes of curves, and to various other problems of a similar nature."

"Discovery of the Metamorphoses in the second Type of the Cirripedes, viz. the 'Lepadæ,' completing the Natural History of these singular Animals, and confirming their affinity with the Crustacea." By J. V. Thompson, Esq., F.L.S., Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals. Communicated by Sir James Macgrigor, Bart., M.D., F.R.S.

"The discoveries made by the author of the remarkable metamorphoses which the animals composing the first family of the Cirripedes, or Balani, undergo in the progress of their development, and which he has published in the third number of his Zoological Researches (p. 76), are in the present paper, which is intended as a prize Essay for one of the Royal Medals, followed up by the report of his discovery of similar changes exhibited by three species of two other genera of the second tribe of this family, namely, the *Lepadæ*. The larvae of this tribe, like those of the Balani, having the external appearance of bivalve Monoculi, furnished with locomotive organs, in the form of three pairs of members, the most anterior of which are simple and the other bifid. The back of the animal is covered by an ample shield, terminating anteriorly in two extended horns, and posteriorly in a single elongated spinous process. Thus they possess considerable powers of locomotion, which, with the assistance of an organ of vision, enable them to seek their future permanent place of residence. The author is led, from his researches, to the conclusion that the Cirripedes do not constitute, as modern naturalists have considered them, a distinct class of animals, but they occupy a place intermediate between the Crustacea decapoda, with which the Balani have a marked affinity, and the Crustacea entomostraca, to which the Lepadæ are allied; and that they have no natural affinity with the Testaceous Mollusca, as was supposed by Linnaeus, and all the older systematic writers on Zoology."

"On the twenty-five feet Zenith Telescope, lately erected at the Royal Observatory; by John Pond, Esq., F.R.S., Astronomer Royal. Continuation of a former paper."

"For determining the place of any star passing the meridian near the zenith, at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, three different methods may be employed: first, by means of the mural circles; secondly, by the zenith telescope, used alternately east and west; and lastly, by means of a small subsidiary angle, as described by the author in a former paper. The details of computations made according to each of these three methods are contained in the present paper; from which it appears that they all give results nearly identical; and that, when the observations with the two circles are made with sufficient care, the greatest error to be apprehended does not exceed the quarter of a second."

"Remarks towards establishing a Theory of the Dispersion of Light. By the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford."

"In an abstract of M. Cauchy's Theory of Undulations, published in the London and Edinburgh Journal of Science, the author of the present paper deduced a formula expressing precisely the relation between the length of a wave and the velocity of its propagation; and showed that this last quantity is, in fact, the same as the reciprocal of the refractive index. The author here examines, by means of this formula, the relation between the index of refraction and the length of the period, or wave, for each definite ray, throughout the whole series of numerical results which we at present possess; and the conclusion to which he arrives from this comparison, for all the substances examined by Fraunhofer, viz., for four kinds of flint glass, three of crown glass, water, solution of potash, and oil of turpentine, is, that the refractive indices observed for each of the seven definite

rays are related to the length of waves of the same rays, as nearly as possible according to the formula above deduced from Cauchy's theory. For all the media as yet accurately examined, therefore, the theory of undulations, as modified by that distinguished analyst, supplies at once both the law and the explanation of the phenomena of the dispersion of light."

"Some Account of the Eruption of Vesuvius, which occurred in the month of August, 1834, extracted from the manuscript notes of the Cavaliere Monticelli, Foreign Associate of the Geological Society, and from other sources; together with a Statement of the Products of the Eruption, and of the Condition of the Volcano subsequently to it. By Charles Daubeny, F.R.S., F.G.S., and Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford."

"It appears, from the information collected by the author, that for a considerable time previously to the late eruption of Vesuvius, stones and scoriæ had been thrown up from the crater, and had accumulated into conical masses, the largest of which was more than two hundred feet in height. On the night of the 24th of August last, after the flow of considerable currents of lava, a violent concussion took place, followed by the disappearance of both these conical hillocks, which, in the course of a single night, were apparently swallowed up within the cavities of the mountain. Fresh currents of lava continued to flow for several days subsequently, destroying about 180 houses, spreading devastation over a large tract of country, and destroying all the fish in the neighbouring ponds and lakes. After the 29th of August, no further signs of internal commotion were manifested, with the exception of the disengagement of aqueous and acrid vapours from the crater, a phenomenon which, in a greater or less degree, is at all times observable. The author descended twice into the interior of the crater, which then presented a comparatively level surface; its sides consisting of strata of loose volcanic sand and rapilli, coated with saline incrustations of common salt, coloured red and yellow by peroxide of iron. The vapours which issued from various parts of the surface, collected and condensed by means of an alembic, introduced into the ground, were found to consist principally of steam and muriatic acid, with only a slight trace of sulphureous or sulphuric acids. From a trial with solution of barytes, the author concludes that carbonic acid was also exhaled, but neither nitrogen nor sulphuretted hydrogen appeared to form any part of the gas emitted. The steam issuing from the lava contained both free muriatic acid and also muriate of ammonia, which latter salt could not be detected in the gas from the volcano itself. The author conceives that these volatile principles are entangled in the lava, and are subsequently disengaged."

"On the Temperature of some Fishes of the Genus Thunnus. By John Davy, M.D., F.R.S., Assistant Inspector of Army Hospitals."

"The author had occasion to observe, many years ago, that the Bonito (*Thynnus pelamys*, Cuv.) had a temperature of 99° of Fahr. when the surrounding medium was 80°.5, and that it, therefore, constituted an exception to the generally received rule that fishes are universally cold-blooded. Having found that the gills of the common Thunny of the Mediterranean (*Thynnus vulgaris*, Cuv.) were supplied with nerves of unusual magnitude, that the heart of this latter fish was very powerful, and that its muscles were of a dark red colour, he was led to conjecture that it might, like the Bonito, be also warm-blooded; and this opinion is corroborated by the testimony of several intelligent fishermen. The author endeavours to extend this analogy to other species of the same family, which, according to the reports of the fishermen of whom he made inquiries, have a high temperature, and in whose internal structure he noticed similar

peculiarities as in the Thunny; namely, very large branchial nerves, furnished with ganglia of considerable size. In this respect he considers that in these fishes the branchial system of organs make an approximation to the respiratory apparatus of the Mammalia, and that it probably contributes to the elevation of temperature, resulting from the more energetic respiration which he supposes to be exercised by these organs. He, however, thinks it not improbable that these fish may possess means of generating heat peculiar to themselves, and of which at present we have no adequate idea. He conceives that the situation of the kidneys, of which a considerable portion is even higher than the stomach, and posterior to the gills, and which are of large size, and well supplied with nerves and blood-vessels, may possibly act a part in the production of an elevated temperature; but, on the whole, he is disposed to ascribe the greatest share of this effect to the superior magnitude of the branchial nerves."

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mox.	Statistical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
THUR.	Royal Society	P. 5, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature	Four, P.M.
SAT.	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.

#### PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

##### Abstract of Proceedings during this Session.

The sittings of this body are now held in the new hall, which is decorated by busts of the great men who have distinguished themselves in science. The Members of the Academy have lately been much occupied by discussions concerning the priority of the late discoveries, respecting that singular animal the Ornithorhynchus, of New Holland. M. de Blainville supports the claims of our distinguished and rising naturalist, Mr. Owen, and M. Geoffroy asserts his right to be considered as the first, who ascertained certain details concerning the anatomy and economy of the Ornithorhynchus.

**New Alimentary Substance.**—M. Grimaud has communicated to the Academy his discovery of a new and highly nutritive substance in milk, which he calls lactone or lacteine. It contains all the principles of milk, such as caseum, butter, and salts, but is deprived of water; it may be preserved a long time, and is neither affected by damp nor heat. Thus milk may be transported to any distance; and in order to re-convert it into liquid, it has only to be diluted with seven or eight times its volume of water, after which it resumes all its natural perfume and flavour. There are two other competitors for the merit of this discovery, MM. Balbec and Ganaix, who declare that, in 1826, they obtained the same results, by means of evaporation.

**Gelatine.**—M. Edwards laid before the Academy an account of his experiments on nutritive substances, especially that of gelatine, which he is of opinion, from his own observation, gives instant force to the muscular powers, and acts with immediate effect on the animal frame of strong and healthy persons. M. Edwards, therefore, recommends that soups for invalids should be made from gelatine, and aromatized by a small portion of meat.

**Zoology.**—The fish called by the Sicilian fishermen Rovetto, or Roveddu, from the canal at Messina, and hitherto unknown to naturalists, is classed by M. Cantaine in the first great tribe of Cuvier, named Scomberoides. It is a spiny fish, and is named *Acanthoderma Temminckii*, by M. Cantaine, after the celebrated Dutch ornithologist, M. Temminck.

**Vegetable Physiology.**—MM. Richard and Adolphe Brongniart lately submitted to the Academy their report on the memoir of M. Pouchet, Professor of Natural History at the



**Jardin des Plantes of Rouen**, entitled, 'Étude des globules circulatoires de la *Zanichellia palustris*.' In 1772, 4, and 5, the Abbé Conti, a learned Italian, discovered, by means of the microscope, the singular movements of the nutritive fluid contained in the little elongated tubes which compose the stems of aquatic plants. In 1807, M. Treviranus made similar observations, but without having been acquainted with those of M. Conti. Many learned botanists have repeated these experiments, and the following conclusions have been drawn from their labours.

1st. The nutritive juice contained in the little tubes and cells of aquatic plants, and also some which are terrestrial, move circularly in each cell, according to the direction of their internal divisions. This movement is perceptible by means of coloured granulations which swim in the liquid.

2nd. The circulation which takes place in one cell is entirely independent of that which occurs in the other cells.

3rd. The molecules contained in the fluid are, according to some physiologists, coloured or uncoloured globules. The colouring matter of the first is resinous, and the uncoloured globules are composed of fecula.

M. Pouchet took a hitherto unexamined plant, the *Zanichellia palustris*, for the object of his experiments, and the results he obtained are,—

1st. There are two sorts of moveable bladders in the fluid of the *Zanichellia*, the one opaque and covered with little points, the other transparent and smooth.

2nd. The structure of these bladders is analogous to that of bladders of pollen.

3rd. Within the smooth bladders there are secondary and smaller bladders of remarkable thinness.

4th. These secondary bladders are similar to those which are moveable in pollen.

All these are either isolated, and move independently, or are united into a mass, irregularly globular, and move altogether. M. Pouchet then seems satisfactorily to prove the analogy between these moveable granulations and grains of pollen; and the Academy, highly approving of the work, expressed an anxiety for the continuation of the learned author's experiments on various other plants.

**Lens for Microscopes.**—Messrs. Treacourt and Oberhausen presented to the Academy specimens of lenses for microscopes formed out of precious stones—viz. one of diamond, another of sapphire, and a third of ruby. It took twenty-four hours to polish the surface of the diamond lens, with a wheel which revolved at least 200 times in a second; so that, in that single operation, the lens was turned round seventeen millions of times. The diamond lens, in its simple state, magnifies 210 times; with a compound eye-glass (*oculaire composé*) it magnifies 245 times; and in the latter case the sapphire lens magnifies 255 times, and the ruby 235 times.

**Variations in the Temperature of sundry Hot Mineral Springs.**—M. Legrand, in a paper on this subject, refers to the observations upon the temperature of the hot springs in the Eastern Pyrenees, made in 1818 and 1819 by Anglada, and those made sixty-five years before by Carrere. He also states the observations on the temperature of the Carlsbad Springs made in 1770 by Becher, in 1789 by Klaproth, and in 1822 by M. Berzelius; and draws, from the whole, the conclusion that the temperature of hot springs has not undergone any material diminution during the space of sixty-five years. The exceptions which may appear to have occurred are not the effect of any general cause; they were either merely temporary, or are to be attributed to some particular and local circumstance.

**Fossil Animals.**—A note was transmitted by Dr. Hohnbaum, of Hildburghausen, relative to traces of fossil animals found in the environs of

that town. Near the village of Hessberg, there are to be found, in several quarries of a sandy stone, impressions and reliefs (*des empreintes creusées et des reliefs*) of the paws of animals of a description which, perhaps, has never been remarked. To several strata of a sandy stone of different colours succeeds a grey stone of the same quality, about half a foot in thickness. It is upon the *underneath part* of this stone that the reliefs (*reliefs*) are found. After this stone there is a stratum of marl, (very thin), underneath which, upon the hard sandy stone, the hollow impressions are to be seen; these impressions are on the *upper part* of the stone, and answer exactly to the reliefs above mentioned. These reliefs are not petrified remains of the animals themselves, but impressions of the soles of the feet of these animals made in a sandy soil which was formerly moist. This is proved by the fact, that nothing but the traces of paws are to be seen; not a vestige of any other remains has been discovered. Upon some slabs the reliefs of the feet of a smaller animal have been found. The whole of the stone is crossed by the stalks, or roots, of an unknown plant, some of which pass over the reliefs of the paws, so that they must have been trodden upon by the animal.

Dr. Sickler, of Blumenback, and several other distinguished naturalists, have occupied themselves upon this singular subject. Dr. Kaup, of Darmstadt, (who is well known by his writings on fossil bones,) in speaking of a very correct drawing of the slab above described, which had been sent to him by his friend Barth, the engraver, accompanied by geognostic notices by M. Hohnbaum, says that the impressions of the feet or paws, however similar they may be to the track of an ape, could not, certainly, have proceeded from animals of that order, none having hitherto been found in a fossil state, even in the *diluvium*. In the sandy stone, which is of much more ancient formation, none but *Amphibii* have yet been met with; but the traces in question evidently proceed from mammiferous animals. It is more probable that the animals were of the kangaroo race—animals with pouches, (*animaux à bourse*), for on the hind feet of such animals the *thumb-toes* are turned in an opposite direction to the others; and it is not impossible that creatures of this description may have existed at the same period as the *Amphibii* of the sandy stone.

**Cultivation of Opium in Asia Minor.**—M. Texier addressed a letter to the Paris Academy of Sciences, from Constantinople, dated 18th of January last, conveying interesting details upon the subject of the cultivation of opium in the Pachalik of Afoum, Kara-Hissar. The country presents the appearance of a volcanic formation; but the nature of the soil where the poppy is cultivated varies. The temperature of the country is moderate, and in winter snow is not unusual. They begin ploughing in December; the furrows sufficiently wide to allow persons to move about freely without injuring the stalks. The poppy-seed is sown in the same manner as corn; care is taken not to sow it thickly. A few days after the flower has fallen, a number of men and women proceed to the fields, and make a horizontal incision in the poppy-heads. Immediately a white liquid exudes, and spreads over the poppy-head. The field is left in this state till the next day, when the people proceed to scrape off the opium with large blunt knives. It has by this time acquired a brown colour, which becomes deeper as it dries. A poppy-head only produces opium once; the quantity is but a very few grains. The opium thus gathered is in the form of a glutinous, granulous jelly; it is deposited in small earthen cups, and pounded and moulded together, the additional moisture required being supplied by the saliva of the people employed. M. Texier inquired why

water was not used, and he was told such a practice would spoil the opium! It is afterwards wrapped up in dry leaves, and, in that state, delivered to the dealers. The seed of the poppies from which the opium has been extracted, is available for sowing in the following year.

The trade in opium was formerly free, but the Turkish government established a monopoly four years ago. A smuggling trade immediately commenced, by which about a third of the product is taken away.

[To be continued.]

## FINE ARTS

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WE made so thorough a clearance of arrears in art a short time since, that we are somewhat surprised to see the size and importance of the subsequent accumulation.

Among the more interesting is 'The Tribunal of the Inquisition,' painted by J. S. E. Jones, engraved by J. Egan, the same artists who last year produced the 'Citation of Wickliff.' The picture is well conceived—the touching interest of the subject not overwrought—the general management artist-like and skilful. Perhaps the figures are rather too much in file—too exactly set out for effect. Another historical picture is 'The Trial of Algernon Sidney,' painted by F. P. Stephanoff, engraved by J. C. Bromley. The subject is full of interest; the moment chosen is that when Sidney, in reply to the insinuation of Jeffreys, exclaimed—"My Lord, feel my pulse, and see if I am disturbed: I bless God I never was in a better temper than I am now." The general effect of the picture is, we think, somewhat too theatrical, and the lights are too much broken and scattered; but the interest comes home to the bosoms of Englishmen, and it cannot fail to be popular. 'The Spanish Mendicants,' by J. F. Lewis, engraved by G. Lewis, is a fine picture; it is Spanish all over; it seems to breathe of the warm south: the group of beggars is admirable. Another capital work is a mezzotint, by J. C. Bromley, after Boxall's picture of *Cordelia*.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear fell down  
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen  
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be the king o'er her.

Kent. ——— O, THEN IT MOV'D HER.

Gent. NOT TO A RAGE: PATIENCE AND SORROW  
STROVE

WHO SHOULD EXPRESS HER GOODLIEST.

The engraver has done justice to the picture, and that is high praise. It was a noble effort in a young artist, and the success was such as he deserved. When the picture was exhibited at the British Institution, three or four years since, the critics were unanimous in their commendation. It took its hold on the spectator, not so much as a work of art, as a work of intellect—as a manifestation of thought and power; its influence was on the imagination.

Here is a large work, with the title 'Dominus Michi Adiator.' Four pictures have, it appears, lately been discovered by Miss H. Whitshed, in one of the apartments at Hampton Court, and she has thought it well to copy, and have them etched by P. W. Tomkins, and this is the first of the series; it is called 'The Last Supper,' by Caracci. The general composition of the picture is feeble; indeed, we see little in it to justify the publication, especially at so high a price. Nothing can be further apart, than the Italian manner of illustrating Scripture, by relying for interest on expression, and the wide-spread visions of glory in which Martin has portrayed

the same scenes and persons; light and shade, and perspective and pageantry, are called in by him to do the work of the few simple figures employed for the same purpose by the artists of old time. It would be difficult to combine these two extremes. Here we have his '*Christ walking on the Sea*,' with the towers of a city on the horizon, and a beetling rock, above which the moon struggles through a veil of clouds, throwing a glimmer upon the waters, which would else be dark, save for the lights from a distant fishing boat or two, and the atmosphere of glory round the principal figure. The scene is full of poetry, but the actors in it are mere shapeless bundles of garments. Along with these we may notice a third scriptural subject, a fine bold drawing on stone of '*Queen Esther*,' after Guercino, by Miss A. Cole. Ahasuerus is very king-like, but the maidens excel the mistress in beauty.

'*Cavalry forcing a Pass*,' is an engraving by W. R. Smith, after a sketch by Sir R. K. Porter. It is spirited, and remarkably clear and brilliant. The '*Attack of a Baggage-wagon at Naseby Field*,' painted and etched by Henry Melling, might, for the subject, serve as companion. We have a faint recollection of having seen this picture at the Exhibition some two or three years since; if so, it made a more favourable impression on us than the engraving seems to justify.

We know not what to mention next; but these fresh, vigorous, and delightful '*Studies from Nature*,' by Inskip, determine our wandering fancy: No. 8. is perfect. We have also a large engraving by Giller, from Parris's portrait of '*The Countess of Blessington*,' which graced the '*Book of Beauty*' last year but one. The artist had a fine subject, but the picture is not altogether to our taste; more so, however, than '*The Lady*,' engraved by Lupton, after the same artist. A lithograph, by Lane, of '*Grisi*,' just published, is very like '*Una Signora Inglese*,' drawn by Alais, and engraved by Ball, is very unlike. We have also to make mention of '*Jack Hall*,' the fisherman of Eton, painted by Bristow, and engraved by Graves, which would assuredly find many purchasers among the gentlemen of 'the College,' even if it had less merit. Of '*Lord Middleton's Spaniels and Pony*' we willingly express a belief that the several artists have done their best. We cannot doubt that the picture was painted on commission; and this, we presume, is what is called patronage of art! But we must conclude our notice of single prints, with a mention of Kidd's '*Cottage Musicians*,' a not unworthy companion to 'John Anderson my Jo,' and Buss's humorous illustration of the old proverb, 'Time and Tide wait for no Man,' well engraved by H. Rolls.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

This Evening, Bellini's opera seria, 1. PURITANI; and the ballet of LA CHASSE DES NYMPHES.

SIGNOR AVELLI'S Musical Attempt will be made in the Exhibition Room of Mr. Rippington's Pictures at the Cornmarket, Regent Street, on WEDNESDAY NEXT, 17th inst., at 8 o'clock, to show the capability of the Spanish Guitar in accompanying the voice through the Score of '*The Barber of Seville*,' by Rossini. Tickets will be issued (2s. each) for as many persons as the Room will accommodate, by applying to Mr. Clappell, Bond-street, Mr. Willis, Grosvenor-street, and of the principal music sellers.

KING'S THEATRE.—The opera of 'Otello' was repeated this day week, with the ballet of the 'Chasse des Nymphes.' On Tuesday 'Il Barbiere' was performed, by Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, &c., and the prompter—the last-mentioned personage being fully as audible as any one on the stage. This should not be: neither can we express our admiration of 'Il Barbiere,' when performed with the part of Don Basilio all but left out. The three principal artists, however, were singing (and two of them acting) with their usual grace and spirit.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—If we could bring ourselves to wish any one of the pleasures of the season protracted all the year round, that one would be the Philharmonic Concerts. We are always sorry when they come to an end. The last of this year's series was given on Monday, beginning with Beethoven's sublime 'Sinfonia Eroica,' and ending with the Overture to the 'Zauberflöte': the other Overture was Cherubini's 'Les Deux Journées': the other Symphony a new one by Mr. Potter, who was conductor for the evening. With an occasional slip or two, the band (led by Mr. Loder) went well. The other instrumental pieces were, a double quartet, by Spohr, and a new MS. Concerto, played by its composer, Herz. The first was performed by Messrs. Mori, Tolbecque, Eliason, Watts, Moralt, Lyon, Lindley, and Rousselot, with sufficient correctness; and the solos for the first violin, were beautifully played. But there was a want of that perfect consent and intelligence which is the charm of quartet playing; and we felt that, though delicacy is a delightful thing, we cannot dispense with spirit—the whole three movements, in short, (the first *allegro* being omitted) were performed in a needlessly subdued tone. We have little to say of Herz's concerto as a composition—as to performance, nothing could exceed his finish and brilliancy, and he was, obviously, taking great pains. The singers were, Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache—the two first sung 'Fuggi, crudele,' from 'Don Giovanni'—but we cannot say that it went well; Rubini choosing to be more than usually inaudible and florid during the whole evening. His 'Lo giuro,' in the duet, was absurdly mean and tame; but then he made amends in the tremendous *roulades* and *sforzandi*, with which he graced his grand air, by Donizetti—almost to the offensive point. The polacca, from 'I Puritani,' in which the above artists were joined by Mrs. E. Seguin, was *encored*—Lablache, for once, disappointed us in 'Ah, vendicatore potro,' from 'Fidelio': either it is out of the compass of his voice, or he was out of voice on Monday evening.

MR. MORI'S MORNING CONCERT.—This took place on Wednesday, with all the first artists, and as much good and popular music as usual. We cannot again and again enter into a deliberate analysis of programmes in which the same names and compositions figure day after day; and shall only mention the things which particularly struck us. One of these was Miss Kemble's 'Felice donzella'—be it understood, however, as a promise, and not as a performance. We shall have more to say of this young lady shortly. Another, was the delicious humour of Malibran, Grisi, and Lablache, in their two buffo duets, the singing lesson from 'Il Fanatico,' and the mocking duet, from 'La Prova.' Ivanoff's Barcarole, from 'Marino Faliero,' was *encored*; and the concertante duet, for two pianofortes, between Messrs. Herz and Schulz, so brilliantly played as almost to merit the same compliment. We have already spoken of the new violoncellist, M. Servais, and are rather confirmed than changed in our opinion of his excess of power, and deficiency of taste, by the fantasia he performed on Wednesday. Mr. Mori played an *allegro* by Spohr, followed by a Rondo, by Lafont—we liked him best in the former; in the latter, something of the exquisite and piquant brilliancy which French violin music requires, was wanting.

## THEATRICALS

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

On Tuesday, GUSTAVUS THE THIRD; with TURNING THE TABLES; and MASANIELLO.

### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, CLARI, or The Maid of Milan; with the Ballet of AULD ROBIN GRAY; and FEA DIAVOLO. Wednesday, LA SONNAMBULA will be repeated.

## MISCELLANEA

### Public Ice Houses for the Preservation of Meat.

—The subjoined letter is deserving the attentive consideration of the city authorities.—To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.—Sir, I beg leave to offer to the public, through the medium of your columns, the following suggestions for the preservation of meat, game, fish, fruit, and all other perishable articles of food, of which such extensive quantities are annually lost to the community, not only in the heat of summer, but in those damp, warm, and changeable periods of weather, which now occur very regularly in the winter season in this country. I take the idea from having witnessed at the city of Charleston, in South Carolina, great quantities of meat being sent in the night to the ice-house, which adjoins the market of that place. This ice-house was not erected originally for the purpose of storing meat, but for the ordinary sale of ice, although the proprietor has now found a much more profitable branch of his business, in taking in the meat which remains unsold by the butchers in the day, at so much per joint per night. The meat, when hung up in the low temperature of the ice-house, is not only immediately arrested in its progress to putrefaction, but also comes out in the morning so cool, that it retains its low temperature even for some time after being again exposed upon the stall. Owing to this very simple and economical practice, the butchers of Charleston now kill their meat, even in that very burning climate, with the certainty of avoiding all loss from putrefaction, which otherwise would take place in a single night. As the principle of all putrefaction is in the dissolution of the liquid portions of the animal substance; and as no liquefaction can take place, whilst the meat is at a temperature of 32 degrees of Fahrenheit; it follows, that meat, poultry, fish, or game, might be preserved in ice-houses for days or weeks, or, indeed, for any length of time whatever. Accordingly I propose, that underneath the Newgate, Leadenhall, Farringdon, Hungerford, and other great metropolitan markets, ice-houses should be constructed, for the storing of meat, fish, poultry, and game, upon a regulated scale of charges per joint or head, for the night or day, or days. It is calculated by experienced butchers, that in London two thousand tons of meat, in the shape of mutton and beef alone, are annually given to the dogs, or buried under ground, sent to the glue-makers, or otherwise destroyed in the heats of summer. Of course fruit may be included, for temperature acts in the same manner upon vegetable as upon animal substances. The construction of an ice cellar underneath a market, would be attended with scarcely any cost. A few tons of sound Norwegian ice, (infinitely the best,) would regulate the temperature, and probably would last for years. The trade of dealing in ice, might be added as at Charleston, should the proprietors of the markets think it fit.—I am Sir, your most obedient servant, HENRY FAIRBAIRN.

Steam-Boats.—A steam-boat has just been built at Havre, which is intended to ply between that port and Rouen. The total length of the deck is 174 French feet, and its breadth is 40 feet 8 inches. It will draw 4 feet of water, and its speed, it is said, will be such that the distance, which is 36 leagues, may be completed in six hours. It will hold 600 passengers with comfort. The steam-engines were manufactured in London.

Anatomical Phenomenon.—The Brussels papers state, that a remarkable phenomenon has just been observed at the hospital of St. Pierre, in that city. A youth, of fifteen, died of typhus, and, on dissection, it was discovered that the heart, and the other organs, which, in their natural state, are on the left side, were, in this indivi-

dual, situated on the right; and the liver, the place of which is on the right side, was on the left, and the same with the other viscera.

**Artificial Light.**—The chief difference between the artificial lights commonly in use, and the natural light of day, lies in the peculiar yellow colour of the former, compared with the perfect whiteness of that derived from the sun under ordinary circumstances. The yellow colour of the flame of lamps and candles is considerably diminished by those contrivances which render combustion more perfect, by increasing the current of air in contact with the flame, and the light of carburetted hydrogen gas is less coloured than any artificial light that can be produced, fit for the common purposes of illumination.

This brown or yellow colour is of little importance where the light is employed merely for domestic uses; but as pictures and coloured drawings are, in our climate, often viewed by candle-light, it is of some consequence to consider how far the effect of the colours is impaired by the use of light tinged with a peculiar hue.

It may, in the first place, be proper to observe, that prints, and drawings in *sepio*, or any dark colour, so far from appearing worse by artificial light, are often actually improved by the yellow hue which, more or less, accompanies it; and the effect, where mere light and shadow form the picture, is frequently softened and enriched by the warm tint thus thrown over the ground; but with colours the case is widely different, particularly where the effect is made to depend principally on the harmony and contrast of tints, rather than on their relative intensity.

The colour that suffers most by candle-light is purple, or the beautiful purplish blue of ultramarine, because a very small quantity of yellow is sufficient to change such brilliant tints into a mere slate-colour. Green and greenish blue colours suffer in two ways: first, because the admixture of yellow is capable of varying the tone of the green, or of converting the blue into green; and next, on account of the general effect of contrast being diminished by the conversion of the purple tints of the picture into a neutral grey, and the white lights into a yellow. The same observation applies to yellows, which lose nearly all their effect by candle-light. Reds, though they may be altered in quality, do not lose much of their effect by candle-light. It may perhaps be asked why, if all the picture is covered entirely with a yellow tint, the colours which are all equally affected by the change, should not retain the same relative intensity which they possessed when viewed by the purer tint of daylight; and this leads to a consideration of the most important principle in colouring, namely, the effect of deep-toned pictures compared with those of a lighter and more brilliant description.

When the general effect is produced by the combination of brilliant colours with white lights, a very small tint of yellow or brown over the whole picture is capable of diminishing the effect of contrast in so great a degree, that the colours lose all their force, and the work presents a miserable, feeble appearance, like that of a weak drawing covered by a plate of horn; but where the hue of the picture is already combined with yellow in a considerable degree, the other colours which enter the composition of the work are capable of being applied of a deeper and stronger description, without producing so strong a contrast as to destroy the harmony of the whole work; and such pictures, seen by good artificial light, scarcely lose any of their effect, because the addition of a yellow tint has less effect on a work already yellowish, than on one where the lights have all the freshness of white, and the colours retain their brilliancy unsubdued.

How far artists are justified in adopting this subdued style of colouring, to the exclusion of the more perfect representation depending on

a scrupulous attention to natural effects, is a question that has already excited much speculation. It may be well, however, to remind the student that systems in art are at best *dangerous machines*—that a manner, though it may be coupled with excellence, is, in itself, merely a defect, and that the adoption of any style that has not the perfection of nature for its model, is more likely to produce singularity founded on the errors of others, than excellence, the result of natural observation.

**New Minim Measure.**—At a late meeting of the Medico-Botanical Society, a new minim measure was exhibited, the invention of a gentleman of the name of Alsop, residing in Sloane Square, Chelsea. It consists of a graduated glass tube, with a large opening at the upper end, and a smaller or capillary one at its lower extremity. It is worked by a piston, which fits closely to the sides of the tube, but does not come down close to the lower orifice, there being, therefore, a column of air between it and the opening. In order to use it, the lower end is immersed in the fluid of which some minims are required, and the piston pulled up; the column of air rises also, and a vacuum being thus caused the fluid enters. It is now to be examined, and if too much fluid has entered, depressing the piston gently will enable the operator to expel a few drops, until he has obtained the required quantity. If there be too little, he must of course reimmerse it, and repeat the proceeding just described. The advantage of the piston not reaching to the lower orifice is, that a column of air is left between it and the opening, which rises when the instrument is used, intervening between the fluid and the lower end of the piston, and thus prevents any of the medicine adhering to it, which in some cases, as where hydrocyanic acid, &c. are employed, might be injurious. The instrument is cleaned in the same way that fluids are measured, by drawing up a quantity of water into it.—*Lond. Med. and Surg. Journal.*

**Oginski.**—The Polish Palatine Oginski, who sacrificed an immense fortune in aid of his country, has set up an establishment for book-binding in the Rue St.-Honoré, Paris, where he employs several of his exiled countrymen.

**Guacharos.**—Monsieur L'Hermier has published, in the *Annales du Muséum*, a complete history of the Guacharo, which belongs to the goat-sucker genus (*Caprimulgus*). These birds feed on seeds, are nocturnal, and frequent the most retired places; consequently, a traveller finds it difficult to procure them, and they have till now only been known to us through Baron de Humboldt, who saw them in South America. The Indians hunt them on account of the quantity of oil they yield for burning and cooking. They are most productive when young, and being roasted over a brushwood fire, a transparent inodorous oil proceeds from them, which will keep for twelve months without turning rancid. The seeds found in the gizzard of the Guacharo, are collected with great care, as they are supposed to furnish a remedy against the intermittent fevers of the country.

**Ancient Dépôt of Provisions.**—The prefect of La Moselle has transmitted to the French Minister for Public Instruction, an account of the following discovery. Two men, while digging a pit in a forest, on the 31st of last January, situated in the commune of Neunkirch, (arrondissement of Sarguemines), came to a mass of masonry, more than three feet from the surface; it was put together with a species of mortar, and on breaking into it, they discovered a solid piece five inches square. On removing this, they perceived an opening into a small cave or cellar, two feet deep, and four and half wide, which contained from six to seven hectolitres of corn. It formed an entire and black mass, but proved to be extremely

friable. A large old tree, growing over the spot, attests its ancient date, but the prefect assigns it to a very remote invasion of the Swedes, whose army committed great ravages in that country in the 16th century.

**Cotton from Algiers.**—Some specimens of the cotton grown in Algiers, which have recently been sent to Paris, have excited considerable surprise. The cotton is superior to that imported from New Orleans. It is finer and stronger, and will bear comparison with either the cotton from Bourbon or Cayenne.—*Le Peuple.*

**Cordage made from the fibres of the Aloe.**—The Aloe (*Agave Americana*) which so frequently forms our hedges, and presents an impregnable barrier to cattle, and even to man, may be advantageously applied to the production of cordage. Its fibres (from the thick fleshy leaves) are stronger than hemp, and, when made into ropes, are extremely tenacious and durable. How important is this fact to our [Cape] country people, in all their rural arrangements of building, thatching, fishing, and netting. Some excellent specimens of *flax, rope, and cordage*, made from the Aloe, are now before us. As far as we recollect, (having witnessed the process) the fibres are obtained after the leaf has remained steeped in water for some eight or ten days, exposed to the sun in the open air. The pulpy parts of the leaf are then scraped away, and beautiful fibres appear in filaments similar to skeins of straw-coloured silk. These are combed into straight threads, dried in the sun, and are immediately fit for use. A portion of the juice of the leaf is understood to be an excellent substitute for soap.—*Cape Literary Gazette.*

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C—K—R—S—Censura—Mar W—B—Concordia received—J. C. declined. We are obliged to M. A. B. for the suggestion; the subject has long been under consideration—also obliged to B. N.; but he should have remembered, that we cannot avail ourselves of information sent to us, unless our correspondent, in confidence, favour us with his name and address. This hint will explain the reason of our silence to G. A. and others.





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